

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1762

FEBRUARY 10, 1906

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE writer who contributes to the *Cornhill Magazine* a disquisition called "From a College Window," in the February number gives what might very well have appeared as a Literary Causerie in our own columns. In his chatty way he tells us that he is himself engaged in literary occupations and that he once went out shooting with a country gentleman who was engaged in writing a novel the chapters of which were read regularly after dinner, the conclusion being that to have to listen to this twaddle was a high price to pay even for the excellent shooting which was enjoyed. The experience seems to have left behind it an undying hatred of what our essayist calls "the amateur."

It would be easy to break a lance with him over some of the propositions he advances, because some of the most delightful books in the English language have been composed by those whose main vocation was not literary; but some of the practical advice which the writer offers is more worthy of comment. "My one belief," he says, "is that in writing one cannot do much by correction." Of course, that is a matter of temperament. One man achieves his purpose by a single attempt, or fails altogether; another is like Balzac, who wrote out the idea of much of his novel first on a small sheet of paper, then expanded and expanded it until, after he had gone over it many times, it had grown into a complete novel. Between the extremes there is every sort and kind of variation. We are told that Shakespeare never blotted a line, but then we know of many thousands of lines that he ought to have blotted. Thus it is simply impossible for one writer to tell another what his practice should be in a matter of this kind.

Two suggestions, nevertheless, are worthy of consideration. One is that everybody who wishes to write should keep a full diary, and the other that he should practise the art of writing poetry. Such advice is more easily given than carried out. In a sense anybody can keep a diary, but not one person in a million has that perfect knowledge of self combined with the requisite moral courage to face the day frankly and write of it truly. The first and the second and the third qualities in a great writer are sincerity, and what sincerity is—to quote a phrase beloved of one who was himself a great editor—"neither you nor I know, but I only." It means something more than what we generally regard as mere truthfulness. It means the power to put away all that does not belong to the individual, all that has been gathered at second hand from other writers and thinkers, and it means also truth, not so much with regard to the paltry happening of to-day, as to the eternal fact that lies at the back of some million or so

of such happenings. Diaries in abundance have been kept and written and published, but how few are worthy of the paper and ink required to publish them!

So, too, with the practice of writing poetry. The advice to attempt it is, in a sense, admirable. A command of rhyme and rhythm does indeed mean a command of language as a whole, yet we are sure that no true and devoted lover of poetry would prostitute it to the acquisition of a prose style. That is to say, no one with a spark of genuine poetry in his composition would care to practise verse-writing merely for the purpose of learning proficiency in it. He sings but as the linnet sings, and whoever has observed the young linnet knows that its earliest and most feeble effort at song is as much inspired as the finished carol. No doubt skill comes with practice, but the practice is not that of an athlete preparing for a race, but a series of efforts, each of which it is hoped at the time will result in a masterpiece.

Our writer quotes a good saying of Professor Seeley's: "Don't be afraid of letting the bones show," and that was getting near the true theory of composition. It must have struck many a one as strange that people who cultivate simple habits, and whose subject demands a most direct communication of intelligence, when they sit down to write become dignified and formal and full of thought about their periods. There are, in point of fact, very few writers in the English language who can get rid of this. Fielding did, and Laurence Sterne, and Dean Swift, but some of those authors who are cited as examples by the essayist only aped the real thing. Stevenson aped it quite consciously, and Ruskin, to whom we are particularly recommended, was ever a slave to the resonant syllable and the long rhythm. His simplicity was always that of the Professor. Thus we cannot call ourselves very strongly in agreement with the eyes that look out "From a College Window." Yet it is a point gained that an author writing on a subject like this makes a remark that causes one to take the trouble to dissent from it.

A decision which, if sustained on appeal, must prove of the most momentous importance to British authors has just been pronounced by Judge Kohlsaaf of the Circuit Court, Illinois, in the case of the Merriam Co. v. United Dictionary Co. According to the report in the *New York Publishers' Weekly*, Judge Kohlsaaf has most reluctantly decided that a bill to restrain the publication of "Webster's High School Dictionary" and "Webster's International Dictionary" from plates made from photographs of the English edition—which did not contain the notice of copyright under the Chace Act—must be dismissed. The owners of the American copyright edition are therefore left without remedy. If a copy of any work which is protected in the United States comes rightfully into the possession of any one, and does not contain the notice in the form provided, that work is, under this decision, thrown into the public domain and becomes common property.

It has long been suspected by experts that this is the only logical interpretation of Section 4962 of the American Statute, but this is the first clear pronouncement upon the point. Hundreds of English works not bearing any copyright notice in the English edition are thus thrown open to the American pirate. Judge Kohlsaaf admitted that the equities of the situation were with the complainant—who had duly copyrighted the work in the United States, and from American plates manufactured in England an edition with the copyright notice intentionally omitted—but affirmed that "the remedy rests with Congress, not with the Courts."

It is to be hoped that advantage will be taken of the opportunity presented by the Copyright Bill now being prepared, to limit the force and effect of Section 4962 to the United States. It is contrary to the spirit of International Law that a country should impose duties upon the citizens of another country outside its own territory. In this case the penalty falls upon American citizens who might be presumed to know American law, but in the case of a British author, who can hardly be expected to understand the British Copyright Code, it is adding insult to injury to require him to know the force and effect of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

Mr. Ernest Mayer, Managing Director of the International Copyright Bureau, Ltd., Oswaldestre House, 34 and 35, Norfolk Street, Strand, writes to us as follows: "Russia, being outside the Berne Convention, there are not, of course, any legal means to prevent the appropriation of the best work of English authors on the part of Russian publishers and editors. I am, however, inclined to think that I have hit upon a scheme whereby this wholesale robbery can effectively be put a stop to. I should, therefore, be glad if you would draw your readers' attention thereto, and advise them to communicate with us. I venture to request you for this favour chiefly in the interest of short-story writers."

On the 13th inst. and three following days Messrs. Sotheby will sell the general library of the late Mr. Edwin Truman, M.R.C.S. Mr. Truman was for fifty years Dentist to the Royal Household, from 1853 to the time of his death in 1904, but it was in connection with the first Atlantic Cable that he became famous and made a fortune. He succeeded in completely purifying gutta-percha—the covering material—in any quantity and without injuring the material, and so overcame the difficulty which caused the failure in 1853.

Mr. Truman was a great collector of books and especially of everything illustrated by George Cruikshank. His collections of engravings, drawings and caricatures are to be sold in March and April, and the Cruikshank collections in May. The present sale contains some very fine books. Amongst them we notice a very rare series of the forty-eight woodcuts of "The Cries of London, 1808;" Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," first edition; a fine collection of first editions of Bewicks, forming no less than fifty items in the catalogue; the very rare first edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"; Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn," a book that brings an inflated price in consequence of the mania for extra-illustrating it; many first editions of Dickens, fifty-seven items; the genuine first issue of the first edition of "Tom Jones"; a large paper copy of Granger's "Biographical History of England" (the book which led to extra-illustrating, or Grangerising, as it is often called); a special large paper copy of Lysons' "Environs of London," Lysons' own copy, and probably the only one coloured; the original manuscript and designs of Northcote's Fables; a considerable collection of Rowlandsons, and a large collection of rare editions of Thackeray.

On the last day several books which will excite keen interest. These are, first and foremost, two copies of the first edition of Scott's "Waverley" (one copy unfortunately imperfect). Book-buyers will be curious to note how much the first copy will bring on this occasion. Next in interest is a copy of the third quarto edition of the Shakespeare *Pericles*. This is extremely rare. On February 19 Messrs. Sotheby will dispose of the second portion of the gathering of autograph letters and documents, the property of the late Mr. Frederick Barker. These mostly relate to Napoleon Buonaparte and his family and to the French Generals.

The libraries of the famous Orientalists and ethnographers, Dr. Y. L. A. Brandes, of Batavia, and Prof. G. K. Niemann, of the Indian Institute at Delft, will be dispersed by public auction from February 21 to March 1. Catalogues may be had on application to Martinus Nijhoff, The Hague.

To Mr. Tree belongs the credit of having, in the spring of 1904, founded the Academy of Dramatic Art as it at present exists. The object was to provide a thorough general training for the English Stage in the hope that, if success attended the scheme, the Academy might eventually become one of the national institutions of Great Britain. It is encouraging to be able to state that the number of students who have attended the Academy has been remarkable, and that the usefulness of the institution has been widely recognised. Many of these students have already won positions upon the professional stage—a result largely due to the public performance given by the Academy at His Majesty's Theatre in February 1905.

Up to the present time Mr. Tree has borne all the pecuniary risk connected with the Academy: but it is considered by some that, in an undertaking which is designed to benefit the English Stage as a whole, the burden of responsibility should not rest upon one person, however willing and anxious he may be to continue to bear it. It has therefore been suggested to Mr. Tree that a Corporate Body, embracing many of the principal members of the Dramatic Profession, should be formed to share with him the responsibility which he has hitherto so cheerfully undertaken, and at the same time to establish a wider system of control and so extend the scope of usefulness of the institution. This suggestion Mr. Tree has cordially expressed himself willing to agree to. It is, therefore, proposed that the work of the Academy of Dramatic Art shall, from the commencement of the term beginning at the end of April next, be continued under the direct superintendence of an Executive Council consisting of Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Pinero and Mr. J. M. Barrie. Sir Squire Bancroft has been elected the President of the Council.

Mr. George P. Bancroft who, since the opening of the institution, has been responsible on Mr. Tree's behalf for its management, has been asked by the Council to retain that position and will, they are glad to say, continue to do so. Further details concerning the Easter Term will be announced shortly, and meanwhile all communications should be addressed to Mr. George P. Bancroft, The Academy of Dramatic Art, 62 Gower Street, W.C.

It is exactly a quarter of a century since the Oxford University Dramatic Society, as it is now named, was first started by Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, and others. From time to time it has sent many valuable recruits to the stage (Messrs. H. B. Irving, James Hearn, Holman Clarke, and Nigel Playfair, to mention only a few), and other names connected with the club include Mr. Max Beerbohm and Mr. Paul Rubens. This year the society makes what is perhaps its most daring venture. *Measure for Measure* (which, we believe, has not been seen since it was produced by Miss Lilian Neilson exactly thirty years ago at the Haymarket) is to be played on Wednesday the 21st inst. and five following days. Mr. G. R. Foss has undertaken the production, and Miss Maud Hoffman is to be in the cast. All the incidental music has been written by Mr. Robert Cox, of St. John's College, who is getting together an orchestra. It is satisfactory to hear that there is again in the University an undergraduate capable of undertaking such work, which, since Lord Herschell and Mr. Monck's day, has had to be done by others.

Mr. H. H. Johnson, of the Faculté des Lettres, Rennes University, asks us to make it known that he will be grateful to any one who can send him any books, papers or information on the Counties and Towns of North Wales—folklore, history, topography, etc. Address, Rennes University, Ille-et-Vilaine, France, or Amlwch, North Wales.

The Fiscal Problem is undoubtedly the topic of the hour, and it will certainly continue to be discussed for some time. Since it is a question of such vital importance—upon the solution of which the prosperity of the nation so much depends—it is the duty of every intelligent citizen to be conversant with every available fact. Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, recognising the necessity of a work which gives a graphic summary of the trade of the world, with statistics of our exports and imports, announce their intention of publishing an atlas, "The Atlas of the World's Commerce," the maps and diagrams of which will show at a glance the animal, vegetable or mineral products we import or ship to other countries. The work, which will be published in twenty-two parts, will be edited by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., who has been engaged on its compilation for several years.

The same firm intend to include in their Sixpenny Series Mr. H. Rider Haggard's most popular novels; the first, which is almost ready, will be "Nada the Lily," illustrated by Mr. Cyrus Cuneo.

Royal Institution. A General Monthly Meeting of the Members of the Royal Institution was held on the 5th instant, Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., F.R.S., Treasurer and Vice-President, in the Chair. Miss Ruddell Browne, Dr. G. L. Findlay, Miss M. H. Pam, Mr. A. Sutton, Mr. L. C. Wallach, and Miss I. K. Young were elected Members. The special thanks of the Members was returned to Dr. Hugo Müller, F.R.S., for a Donation of £100, to Professor J. A. Fleming, F.R.S., for a Donation of £25, and to the Rev. J. H. Ellis, M.A., for a Donation of £25 to the Fund for the Promotion of Experimental Research at Low Temperatures.

Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi. Arrangements for week ending February 17: Monday, February 12, at 8 P.M., Cantor Lectures: "Modern Warships," by Sir William White, K.C.B., F.R.S. (five lectures); Lecture III.—Armaments—Progress in the design and manufacture of guns, mountings and machinery for working heavy guns—Improvements in projectiles and explosives. Wednesday, February 14, at 8 P.M.: Ordinary meeting—"The Horseless Carriage, 1885-1905," by Claude Johnson. Colonel H. C. L. Holden, R.A., F.R.S., will preside. Thursday, February 15, at 4.30 P.M.: Indian Section—"The Navigable Waterways of India," by Robert Burton Buckley, C.S.I. The Right Hon. John Morley will preside.

Royal Geographical Society. Evening meeting, Monday, February 12, 8.30 P.M., at the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W. Paper to be read: "The Geography of the Spanish Armada," by the Rev. W. Spotswood Green, Chief Inspector of Irish Fisheries.

Linnean Society of London. At the evening meeting, Thursday, February 15, at 8 P.M., the following papers will be read: "The structure of *Isis hippuris* (Linnaeus)" by J. J. Simpson; "Note on the Geographical Distribution of the Genus *Shortia*, Torr and Gray," by B. Daydon Jackson, Gen. Sec. L.S. Exhibitions: Dr. H. Charlton Bastian, F.R.S., F.L.S., Developmental Changes in *Zoogloea* (with lantern slides).

At the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, Mr. Harry Furniss will deliver an illustrated lecture on "Charles Dickens and To-day," on Monday, February 12, at 5 P.M.

LITERATURE

THE OLD CRITIC AND THE NEW

Johnson's Lives of the English Poets. Edited by G. BIRKBECK HILL. In three volumes. Vol. I. (Clarendon Press, 34s. and 42s. net.)

THIS edition of Johnson's "Lives," if not the final one, is at least likely to be the best during the lifetime of the present generation. It possesses an additional interest in the fact that it is prefixed by a memoir of Birkbeck Hill, the learned and industrious editor who was himself a critic of no mean order, and it would be interesting to draw a comparison between his work and that of the master to whom he was so loyal. For Dr. Birkbeck Hill belonged emphatically to the modern school; he was born in 1835, and belonged to a family of Radicals, Free Traders, condemners of the penal code, great advocates of religious equality, and supporters of the anti-slavery cause. At first sight there might be a temptation to dub them faddists and fanatics, but the success that attended several of the brothers more than justifies the opinions they held. Rowland Hill's name will for ever be favourably known in English history through his connection with postal reform; Matthew Davenport Hill became Recorder of Birmingham, and Arthur Hill left his mark on education. Birkbeck Hill himself was a schoolmaster. At the beginning, he worked with his father at Bruce Castle School, but in 1868 he became headmaster, and remained so until 1877. It is, however, with his connection with literature that we are chiefly concerned here. It may be said to have begun in 1869, when he became a contributor to the *Saturday Review*, under the editorship of his friend, Philip Harwood. His biographer, Mr. H. S. Scott, considers those the palmy days of that journal, among the contributors being E. A. Freeman, J. R. Green, Sir Henry Maine, Lord Justice Bowen, Sir James Stephen, and Professor Owen; but in reality the great journal had begun to decline; Harwood was one of the most laborious and conscientious of editors, but he had not the discernment and brilliancy of Douglas Cook, who was really responsible for guiding so many able men, and who could make the best use of them. It was Birkbeck Hill who wrote the humorous articles on novels, which were at the time the delight of the readers. He himself said:

To read a novel became so inseparably connected in my mind with three pounds ten shillings, the usual payment for a *Saturday Review* article, that without the one I could not undertake the other. All in vain have friends urged me to read the works of Black, Blackmore, Hardy, Howells, Henry James, Stevenson, and Kipling. Not a single story of any one of these writers have I ever read or am I ever likely to read.

We can understand the circle he was in from the fact that at the same time he contributed to the *Cornhill*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Times*, which is as much as to say, in so many words, that he was highly thought of by Mr. Frederick Greenwood. It was about 1869 that he became interested in Johnson, through buying a second-hand copy of an early edition of the "Life." During his boyhood he had scarcely opened Boswell, a statement we can very well believe, because it is only in mature years that one can see the merits of that immortal biography. He kept on reading everything connected with Boswell or Johnson for many years, and it was not until 1875 that he definitely resolved to prepare a new edition of the "Life." Unfortunately, just about the same time ill-health came upon him, and the work was done under very considerable difficulties. He was obliged to spend his winters abroad, gave up the school, and went to live at Burghfield, near Reading. In the autumn of 1877 he had to nurse himself in many ways in order to get on with his work. Nor was it permitted to him to concentrate, even then, all his attention upon Johnson; on the death of his uncle, Sir Rowland Hill, he was called upon to edit his "History of Penny Postage," and to write his life.

In 1880 General Gordon's brother, Sir Henry Gordon, asked him to edit the letters which General Gordon had written to his sister during his government of the Soudan. Everything connected with General Gordon had a character of its own, and it was so with the publication of his letters:

The book appeared under somewhat unusual conditions, for though General Gordon had given his consent to the publication of the letters he refused to take any direct part in it. Whatever information was needed had to be obtained through Sir Henry Gordon, his brother. Birkbeck Hill's admiration for the "rare genius, the wise and pure enthusiasm, and the exalted beneficence of that great man" was conspicuous. The strong religious utterances occurring in the letters expressed thoughts which were not Birkbeck Hill's, but he saw in Gordon—it may be with longing—one who "by manifold struggles feels his feet on the Everlasting Rock." The labour given to these works, as regards the main purpose, was not thrown away. He would often say that he was trained by it in the duties of an editor, and strengthened in his hatred of carelessness and error.

Birkbeck Hill did not live to be a very old man; he died in his daughter's home at Hampstead on February 27, 1903, at the age of sixty-seven, leaving behind him as his best memorial this edition of "The Lives of the Poets," and the other volumes to which it is allied. The amusing critic of the *Saturday Review* must have found much of his pleasure in the study of Johnson to lie in a matter of contrast. His own style, alike in writing and thinking, formed an antithesis to that of Johnson.

In looking over the "Lives of the Poets," we are struck by the melancholy reflection that so many of these people, who were of importance in their day, have, in reality, passed out of existence, although here and there a man of letters may fish up something about one or other of them. If we take the first volume, we find that Milton and Dryden are the only well-known authors. Cowley, Butler, and Waller still enjoy the shadow of great reputations; Rochester, Roscommon, Stepney, Dorset, Pomfret and Walsh are mere names to all but the specialist in English literature. We read of Denham's "Cooper's Hill," that it had "such reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence": a most excellent example, by the way, of Johnsonian phrase. It was reported that Denham had not written it but bought it of a vicar for £40; but who reads "Cooper's Hill" to-day? If we go over the quotations made by Johnson, we find it difficult to select one that would be recognised as worthy of a great poet. There is one exception to this general condemnation, perhaps, the well-known lines:

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

It has always struck us that one of the most amusing prefaces written by Johnson was that to the poems of John Philips. Johnson thought it worth while to copy out the long Latin epitaph at Hereford, which commemorates the virtues of this poet. Philips is known as "Cider" Philips, because the only revival of his poetry that has taken place of recent years has been among the admirers of that wholesome but somewhat thin beverage. We are told by Johnson that on its appearance the poem called "Cider" "was received with loud praises, and continued long to be read, as an imitation of Virgil's *Georgick*, which needed not shun the presence of the original." We are told by the Editor that it was published in 1707-8 and that Tonson gave forty guineas for it. To the poem on "Cider," Johnson says, "may be given this peculiar praise, that it is grounded in truth; that the precepts which it contains are exact and just, and that it is therefore at once a book of entertainment and of science." He somewhat naively adds that he was told this by Miller, the great gardener and botanist, who remarked that "there were many books written on the same subject in prose, which do not contain so much truth as that poem." Johnson goes on to quote from Edmund Smith's criticism of Philips a passage in illustration of what Smith calls the "contrariety of style to the subject":

My Galligaskins, which [that] have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!).

According to that critic, this is "admirably pathological, and shows very well the vicissitudes of sublunary things." We are afraid that the critic of to-day would have a very different comment to make on it.

A DULL PEOPLE

The Religion of Numa. By JESSE BENEDICT CARTER. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE Romans, like the Greeks and Hebrews, were a peculiar people, to whom posterity has been vastly indebted. But, unlike the Greeks, the Romans were born dull, and we may even suspect that, like a gentleman spoken of by Dr. Johnson, they sedulously cultivated their gift of dulness. One regards them with little more favour than the boys at Dr. Blimber's Academy did, and in their religion the Romans were more studiously uninteresting than in almost anything else. Mr. Jesse Benedict Carter has written a little book on five stages in Roman religion, which gives, perhaps, as clear a general view as the reading public either desires or deserves. The work is entirely destitute of reference to authorities: the writer knows, and the reader must listen. The dignity of history is here very nobly exemplified, but if a reader is curious enough to want to know Mr. Carter's grounds for his statements, he must inquire elsewhere, namely by turning to "Georg Wissowa, whose *Religion und Cultur der Römer* is the best systematic presentation of the subject . . . Much that is in this book is directly owing to him," Mr. Carter informs us. British students of classical religion have, till recently, abstained from Roman religion, perhaps because it is so purely practical, so uninspired, so unadorned with myth, and so second-hand. Not much about it is known before the Romans borrowed deities and myths from Greece, and spoiled them in the borrowing. The Romans had no Homer, and nothing in their native or imported creeds can rival the Homeric Olympians, and the temple legends, in vivacity, charm, and beauty.

Mr. Carter begins by throwing over the popular philological interpretations of Aryan creeds, which owed so much of their vogue to the genius of Max Müller. He looks to the ideas of unprogressive races historically known to us, for analogies explanatory of the early religion of Rome. The difficulty in this case is that, though there were many survivals of savage ways of thought in Roman religion, the earliest Romans of whom we can guess anything were already an advanced agricultural and civic people, and had given their own formal stamp and uninteresting colour to the notions of their remote ancestors. Mr. Carter says that "primitive peoples" supposed that a spirit resided in every conceivable thing "material and immaterial." But what is an "immaterial thing" if not a spiritual thing, and do primitive peoples hold that a spirit "resides" in a spirit? When the spirit is thought of as distinct from a thing, "it is supposed to have the form of the thing, to be in a word its double." Did the Romans, or anybody else, suppose that the spirit residing in an oak tree was shaped like an oak tree? The Greeks thought that it was shaped like a Dryad, a pretty girl. These "doubles," at all events, were presumed to exercise an influence, often evil, over the thing—the ghostly double of the oak tree, it seems, was likely to injure the oak tree. One is entirely unfamiliar with notions at all like these among "primitive peoples." Spirits, of various sorts, some ancestral, some not, haunt Minggah and Nanja trees in Australia. They are not, in shape, like the trees, and do the trees no harm, quite the reverse. Mr. Carter begins at a beginning which we cannot pretend to understand or to have encountered in any early beliefs, and he gives not a single example in proof of his assertions. His difficult scientific subject cannot be treated profitably in this

dignified way; we at once ask the author for his proofs and authorities. These "doubles" (about which we are quite sceptical) develop into gods, he says, after each gets a name, take on personal characteristics and "are finally represented under the form of men."

In Rome, when our knowledge of Roman religion begins, these doubles, we learn, are seldom more than names for powers, "they are none of them personal enough to be connected together in myths." Why not? We know people as primitive as the naked houseless Australian black, and the powers in which he believes are all connected together in myths, very like Greek myths. If the Romans did not advance so far as the black fellows, that must have been because they were more dull, more devoid of fancy and poetry than a Huron, an Euahlayi, a Mincopie, or any other rather backward savage—not that the Hurons were very backward. The goddess Vesta was "not so much the goddess of the hearth as the goddess Hearth," and Janus was "the god Door." To possess such a thing as a door implies advancement: the Romans, we are to believe, were too stupid to have myths about Hearth, as the Greeks had myths about Hestia. One cannot believe that any people was born so dull as the Romans were on this showing. They must have taken great pains to arrive at such an unnatural perfection of dulness. In fact, they *did*, and their *jus divinum* was the fine flower of the fine anxious efforts to banish such poetry as nature cannot but have implanted even in them. Their religion was based on their precocious legalism, as Scottish Calvinism was a reflection of the Scottish law of Contract, and Scottish divines wrangled about "the personal property of the Father." The Gods, Hearth and Door, and so on, had their rights; these paid, there was no more to be said or done.

Coming from spirits which are not human ghosts, but "doubles" of material and immaterial things, to ancestor worship, Mr. Carter says that "in the most primitive ideas of life after death it is the family which has immortality, not the individual." Again we ask for evidence and for authorities. In the most primitive people extant all sorts of various ideas of the future of the individual soul co-exist. Now it is reincarnated from one generation to another eternally: now it migrates into an animal; now (and the case is very common) it enters the abode of the good, or of the evil; now it haunts the place of burial, or an adjacent rock or tree, and we must remember that often each individual has several souls, which have various fortunes. *Quisque suos patimur manes*. Sometimes the soul is thrown into a lake and drowned for good, sometimes it inhabits a star, or departs to a land beyond the horizon. There is no end to the savage views of what occurs to the individual soul, but individual it remains while it continues to exist. We never heard that the family of a given black or red man "has immortality, not the individual." "The centre, therefore, of early religious life is the family," we are told, and we ask, of how early life? The most backward people, not being ancestor-worshippers, have no common religious life, except in the religion of the *tribe*, the belief in Baiame or Nooreli, or Pirmeneal. Even the totemic customs, if they are religious, are not common to the family, the mother and children have one set of usages, the father has another set, or *vice versa*, where descent is reckoned through males. The Lares, we learn, were "the group of gods who looked after the various farms." We much suspect them of having been Brownies, anonymous as Brownies usually are. But Mr. Carter simply tells us what he thinks true and good for us, no evidence is exhibited, and we need not further discuss his work, beyond saying that the later chapters deal with the importation of ready-made gods, mainly from Greek colonies in Italy, and later, from Greece itself, and from the East. These chapters present a useful brief abstract of what is known about the extensions of the Roman pantheon.

ANDREW LANG.

AROUND CHARING CROSS

The Story of Charing Cross, and its Immediate Neighbourhood. By J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL. (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net.)

ABOUT a century ago an antiquarian correspondence was adorned by a letter which began with the exclamation: "Ho! ho!" The writer had warmed to his work, and there is life in his language yet. We are half sorry that the "Ho! ho!" style of reviewing has gone out, where topography is concerned. But so it is; the topographer's licence to call any other topographer a blockhead is now absurdly questioned. One is no longer permitted to dot an *i* with a flail. In moments of depression, brought on by the loving-kindness of modern criticism, it cheers us to turn to the old topographical manner. Were we at liberty to adopt it here, our review would naturally open in terms like these: "Mr. Macmichael exhibits uncommon boldness in submitting to the public a dissertation on the plan of the learned Stow. It is our intention to examine his performance, and to acquaint the candid reader how far it evinces a fitness to indulge this species of composition, and in what degree it merits the approbation of the polite world, and can be instructive to the ingenuous youth of both sexes; or whether, by an unhappy diffusion of error and rash hypotheses, it invokes condemnation from the judicious part of mankind."

Before such sentences the modern author would go down like a nine-pin. But the Georgian topographers lost nothing by the stately vacuity of their periods, or the elephantine weight of their objections. The material of topography being minute, as well as remote from everyday life, it was seen that the surest way to draw attention to it was to raise a small difference of opinion into an unholy shindy. Nor did any harm come of attacks which were delivered on port wine, and were read in the coffee-house amid cannonades of snuff. To-day, the instinct remains, though the weapons are put away. The challenge of a book like Mr. Macmichael's is undoubtedly to the discovery of errors and omissions; yet if we may not involve our sentences in thunder, or pickle them in sarcasm, the reviewer's task becomes necessarily a little tame. This cannot be helped and we are sure that Mr. Macmichael, as a true topographer, will pardon our degenerate civility.

Why does he tell us that the archway in Duncannon Street, at the back of the Golden Cross Hotel, is the one through which the Pickwick coach trundled on the occasion when Mr. Jingle took the party under his protection? This is an alluring statement, for we doubt whether there is any bit of Dickens's London on which our eye would rest with a moister affection. "Terrible place—dangerous work—other day—fine children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—shocking, shocking!" Now the Golden Cross Hotel of Pickwick stood a good many yards west of the present establishment, a fact of which Mr. Macmichael is well aware. It stood near the south-east corner of what is now Trafalgar Square, and our author himself recalls the circumstance that Hogarth placed himself at one of its windows to sketch the heralds and Yeoman of the Guard proclaiming, at Charing Cross, the accession of George III. The present site would not have served him for this purpose. Mr. Macmichael's reference to the archway in Duncannon Street must be due to a momentary forgetfulness of the fact that the Pickwickians passed under the arch of Golden Cross Hotel on the morning of May 13, 1827, nine years before Duncannon Street existed. If he will turn to page 127 of the three volumes of Walford and Thornbury's "Old and New London," he will find on it an excellent view of the old Golden Cross Hotel, together with the true archway in the Strand which must have witnessed the tragedy that broke Mr. Jingle's voice.

But time does not always leave the topographer high and dry. Mr. Macmichael finds in Cockspur Street a most singular and interesting survival. The name of this street

has usually been connected with the Cock Tavern and with the Royal Mews opposite, with their suggestion of spurs. But Mr. Macmichael offers quite another explanation. He connects the name with "the constant demand that must have been created by the frequenters of the cockpits in Whitehall and St. James's Park," adding this statement: "Further reason for thinking that this is so exists in the remarkable fact that steel cockspurs are at the present time being sold by old-established cutlers in the neighbourhood of Cockspur Street, as I have ascertained by personal inquiry." This is eloquent of London's secrets, of her amazing variety and her family privacies. Her face may change, but on it you may still find a seventeenth-century wart. We should not wonder if our topographer is quite right about the street name. He is clearly right in his inference that London still supplies cockspurs for the "sport of kings." He tells us that mains are fought to-day in the Cumberland mountains, though the principal trade is with India. We may add that if he had sought documentary evidence of the survival of cock-fighting in England to-day, he need not have gone far. Only last year a new work on "Cocking and its Votaries," published for private circulation, made it clear that the law is still defied.

Mr. Macmichael refers to the interesting fact that George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street, preserve every word in the name of George Villiers, the last Duke of Buckingham; but he allows the reader to infer that Of Alley still exists, in fact he describes its position. It no longer exists in name—a circumstance of some importance to the collectors of London curiosities. But as "York Place" the purlieu does survive.

Dealing with the same neighbourhood, Mr. Macmichael accepts without modification the statement that Hew Hewson, who was keeper of York Terrace in the Adelphi, and who died in 1809, was the original of Smollett's "Strap" in "Roderick Random." He may have been, but it is very doubtful. Faulkner, in his "Chelsea," finds the real Strap in one William Lewis, a bookbinder, who died in 1785. Faulkner declares that Smollett persuaded Lewis to set up business in Chelsea, and adds on his own account that he resided seven years in the same house with the widow, who often confirmed Smollett's anecdotes of her husband. It is remarkable that no fewer than four men claimed the honour of having sat to the novelist for "Strap."

Mr. Macmichael's industry in collecting details about every street and alley he surveys is beyond praise. He has trawled every source of information, and one feels, therefore, as little hesitation in offering him a local fact as Forster's friends did in the matter of Goldsmith. Lancaster Court, near St. Martin's Church, has long disappeared, and although Mr. Macmichael is able to devote a couple of pages to this single small purlieu, he does not mention one interesting character who died there. This was Delpini, the clown, who was a boon companion of George IV. when Prince of Wales, and arranged the masquerade at the Pantheon in honour of his coming of age. Delpini died in Lancaster Court in 1828, at the age of eighty-eight, after having held the fixed idea that his death and the figure 8 would be associated.

In mentioning that the walls of the vestry room in St. Martin's Church are adorned with half-length portraits of former vicars, it might have been added that this room contains a portrait which is probably worth all these—that of the murdered Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was a parishioner of St. Martin's, and whose remains were laid in the church. But a more remarkable omission is that of one of the most striking necrological incidents in London's history. We refer to Frank Buckland's sixteen days' search in the terribly crowded vaults of St. Martin's for the coffin of John Hunter, which, when found, was solemnly borne to Westminster Abbey by the greatest physicians of the day, in 1859. An interesting description of the search will be found in Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History."

True to our original intent, we have tried to correct and add. But we hope we have long ago made it clear that Mr. Macmichael has made a very valuable contribution to London's local history. It is, indeed, difficult to convey a notion of the extent of his labours and the multitude of curious facts and asseverations he has brought together in these three hundred pages.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Champagne Standard. By MRS. LANE. (Lane, 6s.)

THESE charming little chapters come at a most appropriate time, and help to brighten the two worst of the winter months. Mrs. Lane is a versatile and amusing writer. Whether she is discussing the extravagance of modern living, the sales lists or the effect of eye-glasses, servants or the proper building of a house, she is always full of quaint ideas, and is not diffident in poking fun either at her own countrymen and women in America, or at her English neighbours in the land of her adoption. Her ideas are as bright and crisp as the American mind and the American fashions, and she rushes on to dangerous ground with a temerity only known to people of her race.

We can certainly sympathise with her over the dust-traps of the cupboards and the repulsive domestic beetles which are peculiar to the English house of a century back, and we quite approve of her idea of the free gift of a tooth-brush to each attendant of a board school. In fact, we would go further and suggest that the tooth-brush should be *de rigueur* and the piano "taboo"; then we might have hopes of a return of those excellent domestic classes which existed in England before Mrs. Lane had ever seen this country—indeed, before she was born. Again, we quite agree with her idea that women would be the best architects for dwelling-houses. How can the mere male understand the importance of the kitchen arrangements, the exactly suitable place for the linen cupboard; or, indeed, how can he gauge the woman's mind as to the fittest shape of room to show off her furniture and her treasures of china and bijouterie? But we venture to assert that there are still firms to be found, in London, who have genuine old furniture to sell: from personal experience we know of one firm which goes so far as to tell you the exact age of the piece of furniture in question, whether it is frankly modern and "faked" or the "genuine antique." Reluctantly we admit that American machine-made furniture may be cheaper; but then America is the palace of machinery. American literature, however, is certainly not machine made, and Mrs. Lane's book is a case in point.

It is refreshing to read Mrs. Lane's remarks on modern extravagance of living, which come as rather a surprise from the lips of an American lady, for American ladies are, as a rule, the pioneers of luxury. But she is absolutely in the right about it, and we can only hope that a severe lesson will not be brought home to us some day in these democratic times. "Woman's little economies" have for long amused the scornful male, and her lunch on a bun and a cup of coffee in the middle of a long day's shopping has often raised wonder in the masculine breast. But a woman's notions of economy are matched sometimes by a man's. Who is it that, carefully eschewing the best firms for hose and gloves, seeks out a small and unpretending shop and buys something which lasts half as long as the article supplied by the more expensive but better stocked firm in a good neighbourhood? How often will the happy father of a large and growing family make the mistake of standing about in the pouring rain, in his best clothes and with possibly a heavy cold coming on, to catch a 'bus in order to save a cab-fare? Instead of the cabman the doctor gets his fee, and the wife has to see to the renovating of those best clothes and to the drying of those excellent boots, which will never look the same again.

Mrs. Lane has not spent her time in England for nothing. There is little that escapes her vigilant eye and her capable and amusing pen. She is evidently home-sick, as every one must be who is living out of his own land, and that, perhaps, is why she is so hard on some of our English ways. We have all heard children criticising their parents, and we smile indulgently. So we smile indulgently, and perhaps a little uneasily too, when clever Americans, like Mrs. Lane, come back, as rebellious grandchildren, to scoff at England's stiff, old-fashioned methods, her unsympathetic climate, her soot, her fogs—and her dignity and grandeur which, after all, no western country can match.

Mrs. Lane exemplifies the idea of how easy it is to spoil even the appearance of a heroine of fiction with eye-glasses donned at the supreme moment of her life. But then, if any one sets up to be peerlessly beautiful, the use of any artificial aid to that end is ruled out. We have known ordinary women look quite pleasant in eye-glasses; but their minds were not given up entirely to beauty as personified in themselves. We cannot imagine the Greek women in eye-glasses, but neither can we imagine them in a picture hat or high-heeled boots. We often wonder, indeed, whether the divine women depicted in those marble forms were really as beautiful as that, or whether, as in the fashionable portraits of to-day, a little has been given and much taken away.

Mrs. Lane may congratulate herself on having that blessed sense of humour which is one of the most valuable possessions in life. In any case Englishwomen should be grateful to her for writing them this delightful, candid book, which is full of original and bright ideas.

THE FOUNDER OF THE MODERN PAPACY

Gregory the Great: His Place in History and Thought. By F. HOMES DUDDEN, B.D. 2 vols. (Longmans, 30s. net.)

AMONGST the few Popes that have made history none has had a greater influence on the Church and the world than the man from whom the English race received Christianity. Not only was Gregory the Great in large measure responsible for the form which the evolution of Christianity took in the Middle Ages, but he was also in a true sense the founder of the modern Roman system; his work was a chief factor in securing ultimately for the Papacy the succession to the Empire. The fact that no adequate biography of Gregory has yet appeared in English is but one more evidence of the backwardness of English historical studies. We are still compelled to go to France or Germany for the best information about Celtic Christianity in Britain; but Mr. Dudden has wiped out our reproach so far as Gregory is concerned. His book is a solid piece of genuine historical work which bears witness to conscientious and laborious research. So thorough is his method that he scarcely leaves room for a future writer to add anything to what will be henceforth the standard work on the subject.

The author apologises for the length of the book, and it is to be feared that some readers will be deterred by its portentous dimensions. But a considerable portion of the work is taken up by an account of the general conditions of the time, which even the casual reader will find extremely interesting. There is perhaps no period of history with which most people are less familiar, and Mr. Dudden's graphic descriptions give an excellent idea of the Roman world of the sixth century. These chapters hardly need the apology that the author makes for them, but perhaps the book as a whole suffers from the German tendency to prolixity and excessive detail; possibly the value of the work would not have been impaired by more selection and compression. But it would seem that only French writers have the gift of putting the largest possible amount of information into the smallest compass; and we may be grateful for a book which will do something to restore the

somewhat tarnished reputation of the Oxford school of history.

Many readers will confine themselves to Books i. and ii., which contain the biography proper, and leave alone the account of Gregory's theology which follows. The theology of the sixth century is much further away from the modern mind than that of the first. What would be more intolerably wearisome than the scriptural exegesis of Gregory's "Magna Moralia," with its thirty-five books of far-fetched allegorising and fanciful interpretation of the Book of Job? Yet its popularity in the Middle Ages was enormous, and was only equalled by that of the "Dialogues," a collection of legends showing a superstitious credulity incomprehensible to most of us in a man of Gregory's powers, but equalled within the last few years by the eminent Cardinals and prelates who were duped by "Léo Taxil" and "Diana Vaughan." Gregory, as Mr. Dudden remarks, was not an original thinker; his theology was mainly a popularising of Augustine. But it had so great an influence on mediæval thought and on the evolution of theology that adequate treatment of it was essential in a work like this, and students will find Mr. Dudden's account invaluable.

Gregory was a link, so to say, between the old world which was falling about his ears and the Middle Ages, but he belonged rather to the latter; he had an essentially mediæval mind, and disliked "profane" culture as much as a modern Canadian Catholic bishop. His genius was practical rather than intellectual, and it was as a statesman and a man of action that he was great. His influence on ecclesiastical organisation can hardly be exaggerated. Although he did not believe himself to be infallible in any circumstances, although the suggestion that he should as Pope define a dogma would have seemed monstrous to him, although he expressly disclaimed the title of universal bishop, nevertheless the whole development of the Papacy down to the Vatican Definition of 1870 has been a logical and inevitable development of his teaching and claims. Unlike many of his successors, he enforced the claims of the Roman See with tact and moderation, but he never abated them, and he left the Papacy more powerful than it had ever been before.

The most interesting episode in Gregory's life to English readers is the mission to the English, and Mr. Dudden's account of it is a model of accuracy and impartiality. He protests with reason against the recent tendency in some quarters to minimise the work done by Augustine; and Augustine's fussiness and narrowness, which often come out in his correspondence with Gregory, do not blind him to the many sterling qualities of the Apostle of the English. In particular Mr. Dudden exonerates Augustine from the charge that he was entirely or even chiefly to blame for the failure of the negotiations with the Welsh bishops, who had not the least desire to convert the English, and who, since they had been cut off from the rest of the Western Church, had relapsed, as Mr. Willis Bund says, into "a strange amalgamation of Christianity and Paganism."

The author's impartiality is also shown in his treatment of certain unpleasant incidents in Gregory's life. The worst of these is the letter written to Phocas when that unredeemed villain succeeded to the imperial throne after murdering the Emperor Maurice and his family. In spite of Mr. Dudden's genuine enthusiasm for his hero, he does not attempt to justify that letter, which must remain a blot on Gregory's character, even when all allowances are made for the circumstances of the time and the low ethical standard that prevailed.

PAPA BOURGEOIS

Livre de mes fils. Par PAUL DOUMER. (Paris: Vuibert, 3 fr.)

ONLY one man stands between M. Doumer and the Presidency of the French Republic, and even after his failure to obtain this Grand Prix of democracy his career remains

remarkable, distinguished, hopeful, and his position as President of the Chamber of Deputies a most important one to have been obtained by a man not yet fifty years of age. And how much more so when that man, the son of a navy, has, by his own unaided powers and gifts, made his own way in the world!

Such a man must, one would say, be an exceptional and an interesting man; the book for his sons, the counsel he gives to young France, must be an interesting book. Alas! no. M. Doumer's contribution towards "la formation morale des jeunes hommes" takes rank with Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy as a supreme instance of the commonplace, the shallow, the well known.

In his preface M. Doumer hopes that "les jeunes gens" for whom he writes these pages:

éprouvent à les lire le sentiment profond de celui qui écrit pour les convaincre. . . . Le secours de ce livre exigü et modeste ne leur sera peut-être pas inutile. Peut-être contribuera-t-il à assurer pour eux la route de la vie, ou tout au moins à les aider à y entrer d'un pas résolu et alerte, en hommes maîtres de soi, équilibrés au moral comme au physique, acceptant virilement par avance les devoirs et les charges dont leur tâche en ce monde sera faite, sachant ce qu'il y a de noblesse, de beauté et de bonheur véritable dans une existence bien remplie.

One need read no further to divine that M. Doumer's mind is the very essence of the Nonconformist conscience, and no one who lives in France will deny that this type of mind is now as typical of Paris as of Clapham; it has raised M. Doumer to a foremost position in the State; it has placed M. Bourget in the front rank of novelists: it inspires half the articles of the Paris press, and is opposed, not by the frivolous and witty spirit, lax of moral, free of speech, that we are apt to dub "peculiarly French," but by an anti-militarist Socialism austere enough to condemn M. Doumer as belligerent, clerical, reactionary, a champion of War.

To do M. Doumer justice he is far from this: on war, as on all other subjects, his views are marked by commonplace. "La guerre est un terrible fléau . . . mais il est des maux pires:" this is just what we expected to read, and, indeed, the one surprise that our author has reserved for us, is that among all the texts, quotations and wise saws with which his volume teems he has not found place for a motto so apposite as "Philistia, be thou glad of me." Can it be that M. Doumer is enough of the typical Frenchman to be ignorant of the Psalms?

AT TOMI

TIME tames the beast and ripens
The fruit upon the bough;
Time wears the flint and lessens
The sharpness of the plough:
Time mitigates men's anger,
They say, and conquers woe;
But I am exiled full two years,
And still my torments grow.
Bulls bow their necks to labour,
And lions lose their ire,
And Indian monsters bend the knee,
And coursers drive for hire.
Big grapes break from their bunches,
Juice runs to purple waste,
And ears of corn grow ruddy
And apples sweet to taste:
But Time will never vanquish
The armour of my woe,
And every month more bitter
The pangs of exile grow.
Far distant is the city—
Home, wife and friends are far:
I hear but Scythian rabble
And watch an unknown star.

A. HUGH FISHER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE ENDINGS OF NOVELS

I SUPPOSE there never was a novel reader who did not, when reading a story in which he was interested, turn to the last page before the courtship was quite over, and try to find out what was the end of the drama—who married who, it amounted to in the older novels. I doubt if the casual reader ever gave much attention to the pains bestowed upon the composition of those final paragraphs. Indeed, the older novelist had an instinctive tendency to slur them over, as he knew that the interest had begun to dwindle from the moment at which the difficulties of the inevitable lovers had been overcome. So in the end it usually happens that William marries Eliza and they are happy ever after. Yet there is proof enough that the true artist, who probably had come to love his work well, lingered over the last pages, as if reluctant to part from them. He had, if indeed he was a true artist, created a little world of his own with people and an atmosphere wherein he lived much more really and more intimately, in a sense, than he did with the members of his own household. For, as Henrik Ibsen pointed out in one of his recent letters, there is a certain isolation in the spirit of the artist, which leads him to understand all natures, but to be truly intimate with none. He lives his own life and cherishes his own thoughts, and only with the creatures of his imagination is he entirely unreserved and at his ease. The anxiety of the fine novelist, therefore, is to do nothing to break the continuity of his story. It is of the greatest moment that the last line should breathe the very spirit of the first line. Sir Walter Scott, who is the great example in matters of this kind, was so confident that the public lost interest towards the end that he was in the habit of finishing off his tale with almost indecent haste, even though it be equally true that he did not leave as many loose ends as does the more slovenly novelist of to-day. A good example of the manner in which he ended may be extracted from the "Fair Maid of Perth":

The names of the boy's sponsors are recorded, as "Ane Hie and Michty Lord, Archibald Erl of Douglas, ane Honorabil and gude Knight, Schir Patrick Charteris of Kinfauns, and ane Gracious Princess, Marjory Dowaire of his Serene Highness David, umquhile Duke of Rothsay." Under such patronage a family rises fast, and several of the most respected houses in Scotland, but especially in Perthshire, and many individuals, distinguished both in arts and arms, record with pride their descent from the Good Chrom and the Fair Maid of Perth.

Here we have Sir Walter following his convention and, with a sense of humour which, to tell the truth, did not shine most brilliantly in cases of this kind, trying to leave in the memory of his reader that Scottish atmosphere which is reproduced with so much brilliant success in the novel. In this respect his example was closely followed by Thackeray, though, of course, Thackeray's atmosphere was always different from that of Scott, but the demure Henry Esmond is himself to the last particular in the final lines of the novel:

And the only jewel by which my wife sets any store, and from which she hath never parted, is that gold button she took from my arm on the day when she visited me in prison, and which she wore ever after, as she told me, on the tenderest heart in the world.

In the end of "Vanity Fair," I have sometimes thought that Thackeray made a mistake by referring to his puppets.

Ah! *Vanitas Vanitatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.

He makes us feel as though, during the whole of the time, he had not been really living in the world he was picturing but only peeping in at it through a window. To put the same statement in another way, it is as though

his men and women were not really and truly imagined—imagined so as not only to throw an illusion over his readers but an illusion over himself. They are comic figures that he might have cut out of paper with a pair of scissors. We see the same thing in his caricatures and drawings, presentations often extremely clever and certainly amusing, but lacking that something of divine truth and perfection which comes from the efforts of a great artist.

I do not think it a very true instinct that seeks for the bizarre and extraordinary in an ending. To my mind the most striking example of this kind is to be found in Lord Beaconsfield's "Tancred," which ends with the statement: "The Duke and Duchess of Sidonia had arrived in Palestine," leaving the reader to form what conclusion he may as to the effect of this announcement. It is the trick of one who was by nature inclined to the glittering and theatrical, not the quiet and sure device by which the master of literary art would have gained the same effect. In this Disraeli was giving expression to that feature in his character which led him to say on a memorable occasion that it is the unexpected that happens. He was seeking too openly for the unexpected. Among recent novel endings one that has pleased me much was that of Mrs. Henry De La Pasture to her "Man from America." In this novel the dominant figure is not the man from America, nor is it any of the fair ladies who are pleasantly and often exquisitely drawn, nor is it one of their sweethearts, but it is the old French Count, the simple, kind, unintellectual uncle who is really out of the play, as far as the habits and interests of youth are concerned, before the curtain rises, and in a sense figures only as a kind of benevolent spectator; but the author with delicate and rare instinct recognises that his should be the last word, and it is a pleasure to quote the ending.

As the Vicomte's guests took their leave, and went away through the green door into the kitchen garden talking and laughing together, the glory faded from the grassy hills, which rose behind the thatched roof of Honeycott, crowned with golden gorse and ruddy bracken; the copper glint vanished from the reddening beeches, and the glow from the mellow crimson fruit upon the orchard boughs.

In other words, the sun set behind the woods and left the autumn world to the grey chill of the swift-rising mists of evening.

The Vicomte filled himself a bumper of the Madère sec, and drank it, standing alone at the table. "A la mémoire de ma jeunesse!" said old Patrick,—and reversed the glass.

It is curious how the old rules of rhetoric that were generally designed for oratory pure and simple apply to that longer composition, the English novel. It was an ancient and sound principle that the exordium or beginning should always be interesting, and perhaps this is the only rule that Sir Walter Scott thoroughly neglected. His introductions are almost proverbially long-winded, and yet whoever will have the patience to read them quietly and carefully will find that they are designed with ingenuity and serve to introduce the reader into that microcosm which the author is trying to create. Before he is done with the early chapters he is quite ready to be introduced to the personages who are to figure in the narrative. They belong naturally to the landscape which, in his gossip and apparently slovenly manner, Scott is trying to imprint on the mind of the reader. Having got the exordium, the orator was to put the matter of his exhortation into the middle and to wind up with the noblest peroration he could command. Instead of making oratorical effects, the novelist tries to strike a chord of interest, and, instead of perorating, what he tries to do is to prolong the note so that you can go away with the sound of it in your ears. If Shakespeare had not been a dramatist, he would, it is obvious, have shown himself a perfect master of the technique of the novel. What could be more likely to stir the curiosity of readers or hearers than the witch scene with which *Macbeth* opens? and the ideal ending is perhaps that of *The Tempest*. There is no novel, old or new, which ends so finely and so pathetically. The passage in the famous Epilogue has been quoted again and again, yet it

never loses the pathos that is startling in its unexpectedness:

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please.

P.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be on "De Quincey and the Grand Style," by H. Perry Robinson.]

FICTION

The Portreeve. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Methuen, 6s.)

DODD WOLFERSTAN was Portreeve of Bridgetstowe, on the north of Dartmoor. He was young, capable and ambitious; he had dreams of climbing again to the position once occupied by the great Wolferstans, who might have been—probably were—his ancestors. But he loved a little beneath him: Ilet Yelland was not, like Dodd himself, a workhouse child, but she was a mere peasant. Each of the pair had had the misfortune to rouse fierce passion in others, Ilet in her peasant-cousin, Abel Pierce, Dodd in Primrose Horn, the rich daughter of his old employer. Pierce and Miss Horn, passionate and unscrupulous both, scheme together to separate the betrothed. They succeed. Pierce wins Ilet for himself; Dodd, after years of tarrying, has just been caught by Primrose—actually she is in his arms and the proposal on his lips—when he is summoned to the bedside of Pierce, dying from a quarry accident. There he learns something of the plots that robbed him of Ilet. After the decent interval he marries Ilet, leaving Primrose inconsolable.

And now Mr. Eden Phillpotts gets to work. Hitherto he has been doing little more than arrange his stage; and he has arranged it, to our thinking, a little too slowly and circumstantially. Primrose Horn, now as hot in hate as in love, marries a wealthy oaf, in order to win power and place, and devotes her life to the slow ruin—body, mind, and soul—of Dodd Wolferstan. Fiendish pertinacity, fiendish coolness, fiendish ingenuity are hers. She is miasmatic ice with a heart of malignant fire. She gives her victim law: he climbs; she strikes. A little more law, and another blow. He takes breath, and, though weakened and deteriorated, tries once again; and again she strikes, leaving him once again a little further from his ideal and from happiness. Finally, all but robbed of his livelihood, robbed of his hopes of children, robbed of the simple faith in God that was his dearest possession, he breaks. A raving lunatic, he all but murders the woman's foolish husband, and dies a horrible death in an attempt to murder the woman herself.

We are not of those who cry "melodrama!" when a modern author puts into the hearts of modern people those vast passions which we accept as fact in the ancient world. In this strange story there is nothing melodramatic, neither in the fierce desire of Pierce for Ilet, nor the fierce loves and hates of a farmer's daughter. In giving us something stronger than the lukewarm brew of the average of our day, Mr. Phillpotts gives us more than a taste of the old tragedy. We are lifted, excited, awestruck: there is something of that purging by pity and terror that only great tragedy can accomplish. And yet, great as our modern author is in many ways, he just falls short.

We know of no instance in really great tragedy in which the process of purging is checked or nullified in the slightest degree by the feeling of hatred. We do not hate any of the great mischief-doers in tragedy, Greek or English; we do not even hate Iago. We do hate, with deadly hatred, this Primrose Horn, and that hatred rises and chokes the purer feelings which Mr. Phillpotts's tragedy arouses. She is great, we admit, great in her perverted passion, in her scheming and in its execution; but she is just not great enough. She lacks, in fact, that little more, which would have transformed her from a malignant

fiend into an instrument of a wider destiny. And that is as much as to say that we disagree with Mr. Phillpotts on one of the cardinal points of his story, which is this. "Men," says the *raisonneur* of this novel, "ruin themselves—women can't ruin 'em. Men ruin themselves . . . by a thousand different ways; but the ruination comes from inside 'em." That Dodd Wolferstan, the genuinely religious, hard-working, honest man, bore his ruin within him, we fully believe; but where the weak spot lay remains still uncertain when we have finished the book. That being so, the story of the ruin of his pocket, his character and his mind, is not part, so to speak, of the universal story; it becomes the persecution of one man by one woman.

When all is said, this is a powerful, almost a great book. We should like to dwell on the delicious humours of the lowly folk, and in particular on those of Dicky Barkell, the *raisonneur* we have mentioned, a wise and witty village philosopher with a fine faith in human nature and none in revealed religion; the man who tells Dodd all the home-truths about himself, and is unable to make of his own life more than a feeble compromise. We should like to dwell on the development of Dodd's downfall, the gradual ruin of his faith and his character; and on the descriptions of Dartmoor, that great Presence that pervades and governs the whole story. Space forbids the discussion of these and a hundred other interesting points in a full, wise and glowing piece of work.

The Smiths of Surbiton. By KEBLE HOWARD. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

IN this delightful comedy Mr. Keble Howard has taken up the cudgels for the middle classes. We have had "the annals of the poor" and the romances of the rich and great, but the life of the respectable middle-class married couple has been set aside by most writers as being too dull and commonplace for romance to touch. Enough that these good people are called the backbone of England. But Mr. Keble Howard sees more than this. He looks and finds out the secret places of their lives. He dives beneath that respectable exterior which the ordinary business man and his wife present to their respectable circles. In spite of the shortness and rather ample proportions of Mr. Smith, Mr. Keble Howard proves him to have an affectionate and kindly nature, to be as much a man of honour as the proudest peer in any society novel, and to "play the game" like a man. His wife shows still more delightful qualities. She is a model wife and mother, and we are even shown her as a model and most beneficent grandmother. And the romance is with her. Her husband is in her eyes the perfect man; other people may look upon him as a short and stout and decidedly uninteresting middle-class man. To her he is "the man" of her narrow horizon. Mr. Keble Howard takes the step from the ridiculous to the sublime in the last few lines of his charming and sympathetic book. Enid says:

"I was thinking how splendid it would be if that little baby could grow up and marry a man as good and as sweet as you."

"That would not be difficult, old girl."

Enid was quite grave. "It would be impossible," she said simply. Ralph laughed and turned his head away.

Mr. Keble Howard has shown us again his keen insight into ordinary human nature and with his sympathetic touch has brought to the surface valuable jewels from unsuspected sources.

The Ancient Landmarks. By ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ. (Methuen, 6s.)

THE prologue to this entertaining story is a mistake. To explain the admixture of Indian blood in her hero, the author begins with his great-great-grandfather and travels down a tedious and bewildering procession of births, marriages and deaths. But when at last she comes to the Lucien Beardsley, whose adventures in Kentucky it is her

purpose to follow, she draws up the curtain on a drama that never flags; and it is one that will please a variety of readers. There is a lively plot and a real modern knight-errant for a hero, handsome, bold, rich, accomplished, everything the romantic fancy asks a hero to be. There is a beautiful young heroine to be rescued from a situation of extreme distress, and there are some unusually fresh minor characters. But the real interest and value of this novel for some readers will lie in the picture it gives of life in the country places of Kentucky. On the one hand obedience to the law is so ingrained and literal that, while the whole community will sorrow over a woman brutally maltreated by her drug-ridden husband, not one will stir to protect her: he is her husband, and the ancient landmark of marriage is not to be removed. On the other hand, one man will shoot another and feel both offended and surprised when his arrest and trial follow. To be sure, both proceedings are quite formal, and at the trial, though every soul in the room knows the truth, it never comes out. But Lucien Beardsley, in spite of his cosmopolitan upbringing, resented the interference of the law in an act of justice. The impression left on the European mind is that the law does not interfere often or overmuch in Kentucky.

A Supreme Moment. By MRS. HAMILTON SYNGE. (Unwin, 6s.)

It is a pity that the men in this story are shadows. Had they been drawn with such unerring and delicate skill as are the women, "A Supreme Moment" would have been a noteworthy book. Even as it is, it is remarkable. A study in temperaments, a delineation of the gradual awakening into life and living of a choked and strangled soul by contact with one that is free, that palpitates, that is a quiver with the passion of humanity, it is a story that owes more to its writing than to its plot. Mrs. Synge has observed the characters of Agatha and Estelle with an understanding that betokens sympathy with both. Agatha, who has been housekeeper to her brother Bertram for years in a little country village, has grown set, and measures her life entirely by the requirements of her brother, the most exacting prig of a method-maniac that well could be. Into this family is introduced Estelle, a young girl. She does not proceed immediately to revolutionise the household. Only gradually does Agatha begin to see that there is, somewhere in life, an existence which has something more satisfying than this endless round of housekeeping, of church-going, and of visit-paying. Her awakening to a true understanding of herself is described with an art and delicacy that are most enjoyable. The book is one of the few novels of to-day which one feels inclined to keep and read again.

THE DRAMA

HIS HOUSE IN PERFECT ORDER

ARE dramatic critics any use? That question must often occur to actor-managers when distributing stalls for the first nights of their plays. Is Sir Fretful really worth ten-and-sixpence? It was asked and answered two years ago; I ask it again. Useful and in many cases delightful contributors to their respective papers, do they affect the success of a piece? I know they nearly always say the same thing, and you can guess pretty well what that is going to be at the first *entr'acte* when they meet at the bar. But most of them are mere stylists who use the drama as a pianola for giving expression to their views on life and occasionally on actors. I foresee a time coming—a time of revolution—when, instead of actors craving notices from eminent critics, as they are supposed to do, you will get the critics pressing champagne and chicken on dramatic authors [N.B.—Mr. Shaw is vegetarian and total abstainer] in order to get a "notice" from over the footlights. For instance, in a play by Mr. Shaw one of

the characters will say: "I take in the Saturday Review because of Max. He always gets hold of the right end of the stick, but he generally soils it." If the play is by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones: "Don't you remember what William Archer says: 'The world, whether we regard it as a newspaper, or as a mere condition, is simply a stage to which our lives are contributions—leading parts.'" In one by Mr. Pinero: "Filmer's second wife may have her faults, my dear Cayley, I mean, my dear Hilary, but as Walkley says in the Times, 'c'est une femme.'" Many of the audience would, of course, order the papers at once and thereby increase their declining circulation. Mr. Hankin is the only dramatist with whom I am acquainted, and I would get him to give me a puff in his next play at the Court. A fee of two guineas should be charged for each gag or insertion.

Dramatic criticism in a weekly (hence the above remarks) is particularly futile, because by the time it appears the public has made up its mind about a play. You can, of course, review the daily critics; that is some consolation; but nothing you say can fill or empty a stall. Benedicts of journalism, however, we must still be talking. By the time these words appear in print some hundreds of people will have seen and enjoyed Mr. Pinero's new play. Every one interested in the drama will have read the story, retold with varying skill, by some of my colleagues. It merely remains for me to call on the inhabitants of the provinces and the denizens of the British Colonies to come to London, at their leisure, and see the best play in London and the best acting you can see anywhere. I use the term *at leisure* advisedly, because there seems little chance of my own play (accepted since last week by Mr. George Alexander) being put up at the St. James's for many months to come. And I urge every one to come to London, because unless Mr. Alexander in the fulness of time conveyed his whole cast on tour, I would dread the result of secondary actors in the provinces handling either Mr. Percy Macquoid's furniture or Mr. Pinero's more delicate art.

When Mr. Alexander went to crunch the porcine husks at Drury Lane, the *quartier St. James's* went into deep mourning; now the prodigal has returned and Mr. Pinero provides a fatted calf for his honour and our pleasure. The acting throughout is superb. Mr. Herbert Waring is seen, another Torvald Helmer, in a marvellous rendering of an unsympathetic part; Miss Irene Vanbrugh becomes, I have no hesitation in saying, the greatest actress on the English stage. Mr. George Alexander would seem to have forgotten the cares of management or left everything to Mr. Pinero, and conquers once again. He is never feverish where there are temptations, and makes his one unlikely speech perfectly probable. The minor parts—if they can be called minor parts: they are all essential—are presented in a flawless fashion, never allowed by the artists (or Mr. Prospero Pinero) to lapse into farce. A friend of mine once started the "Herod Guild" for the destruction of stage children: we went into liquidation on the appearance of Miss Iris Hawkins last week.

His House in Order is among other things remarkable for having no story at all, though its relation occupied long columns in the press. It is a psychological situation, such as could be found in one form or another in any English household. Its undramatic qualities are particularly striking; indeed, it is so actual that some people already find it unnatural. It is just as realistic and natural as Gorki's *Out of the Depths*. Even the exits and entrances are so adroitly contrived that they occasion no remark. By keeping the device of the letters till Act iii. Mr. Pinero with conscious art proved that it was not the keystone to the perfect architecture of his drama. The play is, indeed, a lesson for all of us. Given adequate interpretation, the most intense stimulation can be derived from a play where the dialogue is not particularly brilliant, and the situations not more sensational than any one may witness for himself at a family party in the country. Surprise has been expressed that Mr. Pinero should revert to discarded dramatic conventions, the aside and the long speech;

but they have not been discarded in real life. All of us use asides and we listen, alas! to long speeches not quite so entertaining as those of Mr. George Alexander in the play. I confess that Hilary's parable in Act ii. seems to me out of note with the character. He would surely have presented a simpler and wittier fable. It appears to me to have caused the author qualms; to have been rewritten, omitted, then reset. Nor do I understand Hilary's language in communicating the first wife's infidelity to his brother. It is improbable: he seems to be breaking it gently to the audience (already in the secret) not Filmer: Nina's method was cruder and more lifelike. Several people have hazarded the politics of Filmer Jesson, M.P., and rally Mr. Pinero for not revealing them. It seems to me fairly obvious that he was a Liberal Unionist and a Tariff Reformer, with an open mind on Chinese Labour and strongly in favour of legislation for the suppression of Ritualism. I am sure he was defeated by a handsome majority at the recent election.

Dramatic tides have washed the London theatres from time to time; the waves of Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Mr. Bernard Shaw have beaten like passing bells against the financially successful dove-cotes and cleared away many foolish and ancient traditions of the stupid English stage. When the flood has receded, secure and smiling Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero is found exactly in the same place, none the worse for the wetting, and with perhaps just a little salt sticking to his coat-tails. He, at all events, has not built upon sand; his house was in order long ago. Many would like to regard him as a pleasant reminiscence of their youth—the last of the Anglo-Saxon dramatists (I believe he is of Portuguese extraction), something that belonged to the old time before Irish and Norwegian and Belgian influence sapped our British sentiments. *His House in Order* will be a rude awakening. A very foolish book appeared in France not long ago (I think by M. Auguste Filon), in which we were complimented on the possession of an ornament not ours. For to talk of English drama is like talking of French cricket or Australian champagne. But, as the late Marquess of Bute was able to grow exquisite vintages on a specially cultivated soil in Wales, so Mr. Pinero and a few other isolated dramatists can produce the vine which ceased to flourish long before England became a Free Trade country, intellectually or otherwise.

ROBERT ROSS.

COURT THEATRE

WHEN the Stage Society produced *Lady Inger of Ostrat* last week, the critics—and the audience—complained sorrowfully that up to about the middle of the fourth act they were completely befogged as to what it was all about. The audience at the Court Theatre passed two acts and a half in a similar condition last Tuesday afternoon. But then the play had only three acts all told, whereas Ibsen's had five. The play was Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt's *A Question of Age*. It is not a good play, but it seemed to me to have far more stuff in it, more brains behind it, than many far better ones. Mr. Harcourt is not yet master of his technique, which is the elusive, elliptical, obscure technique of the modern naturalistic drama at its obscurest. But I think his technique would not have smashed him if he had had a more interesting story to tell and had let us understand considerably earlier what that story was. A middle-aged lady has been left a widow by a South African millionaire. A callow youth in the Foreign Office conceives the magnificent idea of utilising her millions to promote a great scheme of colonial expansion, and incidentally to advance his own political prospects. He proposes to her and we (and everybody else except the lady) imagine that he wants to marry her. The lady, however, believes that he only wishes her to be his mistress—and greatly prefers him on those terms. As, however, she cannot make up her mind to say so, and he cannot understand what she is driving at, we have two and a half acts

of mutual misunderstanding—and very little drama. It is a pity, for the character of the lady (admirably played by Miss Fanny Brough) is well observed and merits a better setting. The other item of the programme was a one-act play by Mr. Frederick Fenn, called *The Convict on the Hearth*, a clever piece of low-life naturalism, resembling *Op o' my Thumb*, which Mr. Fenn wrote for the Stage Society with Mr. Richard Pryce, but with a dash of sentimentalism which was missing from that brilliant little play. In this Mr. Edmund Gwenn played the convict with great art, and Mr. C. V. France a sturdy, practical parson: both first-rate performances.

ST. JOHN HANKIN.

THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

It would be easy to say—and even to seem to prove—that *Un conseil judiciaire*, played last week, is a bad play. It neither follows any old formula nor yet supplies a new one. Nobody loses anything, not even his trousers, the quest for which is so frequent a farcical motive in France. Nor is the fun got by any wild game of hide-and-seek such as that through which *Pink Dominoes* has maintained its popularity for a generation. The mechanism is not intricate, and is hardly even ingenious. There is nothing in the first act to suggest that there will be complications in the second; nothing in the second act promising further complications in the third. There are no surprises, no strokes of ingenuity, in the ultimate unravelling of the knot. But to say all this is only in effect to say that *Un conseil judiciaire* is expressly written so as to depend not on situations but on acting. That is how it differs from the farces to which the English playgoer is most accustomed. Such a farce as *Pink Dominoes* remains amusing even when the acting is bad. Good acting is an advantage, but not a necessity, since the difficulties in which the characters become entangled are ludicrous in themselves. This piece by MM. Moineaux and Bisson would fall absolutely flat if it were indifferently played. Such a play can be written and produced in France, because there it is possible to make sure of the acting. In England it is not possible. No doubt we could, at a pinch, cast the play adequately, if we could import Mr. James Welch from one theatre, Mr. Charles Hawtrey from another, etc. etc.; but it would never get itself adequately cast in the ordinary course of theatrical business. Our actors, take them for all in all, simply are not good enough to keep the laughing continuous, as it was on Monday night, through a farce in which nothing in particular happens.

Perhaps we need not be ashamed of the confession. Acting is not, after all, a particularly dignified accomplishment. The words which Plato, who did not want actors in his Republic, spoke on the subject were wise. Still, from the point of view of the spectator, good acting is better than bad acting; and honour should be paid where it is due. We have no comic actor who is comparable with M. Galipaux. He reminds one sometimes of Mr. Toole, and sometimes of Mr. Willie Edouin. Mr. Toole in *The Don*, or in *Walker, London*, would perhaps be the best parallel to cite; but M. Galipaux is better, being more of an artist and less of a clown. He gets the fun out of the character which he portrays, and not, as Mr. Toole used to do, out of the incongruity between that character and his own personality. He is not known to the British play-going public, as M. Coquelin is known, and therefore it is worth while to insist, pointing out that he has been the King of Farcical Comedy in France for about twenty years, and has even added a word to the French language. One says—or used to say—"faire des Galipettes"—meaning to go wildly "on the spree," taking one's risk of those embarrassing entanglements in which M. Galipaux displays his humour. The house was not so crowded as the actor deserved; but everybody ought to go to see him. He is the better worth seeing because he does not stand out conspicuously as a star, but is supported by a company

that is good throughout. MM. Gabriel Frère and Lagrange were excellent in parts that recall Mr. Charles Hawtrey. The principal lady's part was admirably taken by Mlle. Thomassin, who quite recently carried off the First Prize at the Paris Conservatoire. Apart from her playing, her dresses were what ladies call "a dream"; and—what is more to the purpose—she wore them without self-consciousness, and not, as so many English actresses do, like a shop-girl in a show-room. Even Mlle. Irène Macnyll, whose rôle was that of a servant maid without a line to speak, deserves a special word of commendation. She had one point to make—to indicate respectful astonishment when she saw her dowdy mistress trying on a fashionable hat—and she made it perfectly, and got her laugh without a suspicion of over-emphasis.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

FINE ART

TURNER IN AND OUT OF LIMBO

WHILST the nation is to be congratulated on the recovery of the Turners now on exhibition at the Tate Gallery, the mode of that recovery is scarcely a matter of congratulation or complacency. No official statement has yet been issued, but we gather from Sir Charles Holroyd that until recently it was not thought proper to exhibit them, owing to their "slightness of execution, and more or less wrecked condition." The first conjecture that we made, on hearing of these Turners, that they had simply lain neglected, forgotten, and unrecorded in the cellars of the National Gallery, is one that is almost preferable, as it would merely show crass negligence, whereas, if these pictures have been known to successive authorities, they have been guilty of a deplorable lack of judgment and taste in not making them public. No doubt, in view of the national wealth of Turners, there was some justification for not exhibiting some of these sketches, the sea pieces No. 1987, *Breakers on a Flat Beach*; No. 1984, *Margate, from the Sea*; No. 1980, *Storm off a Rocky Coast*; No. 1990, *Sunrise with a Sea Monster*; No. 2002, *Sunset with a Boat Between Headlands*; and No. 1981, *Norham Castle*. All these productions, marvellous as they are, are merely sketches and hints of themes that have been carried out elsewhere. The *Storm off a Rocky Coast* looks like a sketch for the *Wreckers* in Mr. Byer's collection at Pittsburg.

As for No. 1988, no wonder the Directors shrank from exhibiting it under the title of *Interior at Petworth*; it looks like an illustration of the Turnerian lines:

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea."

But little matters whether we call it "Interior at Petworth," or "Interior of the Sea;" it is chiefly wonderful as showing the interior of Turner's brain and its unique faculty for dealing with pure abstractions. There is no getting to the bottom or to the end of Turner. Even the National Gallery, with its three hundred and sixty-two oils and two thousand water-colours, is not fully representative. The sober perfection of his middle period in water-colours, like the Fawkes and Currie pictures in the Old Masters, is not to be seen there, and the Turner-Titian of the *Adonis* is unique. And now we have, if you please, a quite new Turner in the three exquisite little pictures of yacht racing in the Solent, Nos. 1993-1995. Turner's fairy-like lightness of touch, like that of a butterfly poisoning, is famous, and here we have it combined, as it not always is, with the swiftness of an eagle and the strength of a bull. Moreover, the harmony of colour is as perfect as the most perfect Whistler, and there are besides a life and sparkle, a brilliance and breeziness, and

above all a virtuosity of handling far above Whistler. Throughout these pictures the palette knife is freely used and is sometimes quite obvious, but in these three with equal discretion and force. We cannot fathom the standard which would condemn such immortal works as these to the cellar or the store-room.

The name of Whistler again leaps to the lips in contemplating *The Evening Star*; indeed for a moment I desecrated his butterfly signature in the usual corner, but it proved, on inspection, to be a star-fish. It is a pleasing fancy to imagine Ruskin and Whistler poring over this picture, Whistler then inducing Ruskin to bottle it up again as being below the mark, subsequently by its inspiration, in 1865, painting the seascape of Mr. Alexander Young, and thereby alienating Ruskin for ever. Only some deliberate plot can rationally account for its neglect. Then there are the three pictures of *Shipping on the Medway*, Nos. 1997, 1998, 2000. We may call them sketches if we like, but, if Turner were alive again, would we ask him to touch them? There are passages of gradation in *Rocky Bay, with classic Figures and Ships*, that are so ineffably lovely that no improvement can be imagined on this sketch.

Since the exhibition of some of Turner's pictures is apparently at the discretion of the Director, it is not too much to hope that he will in future show a little more courage in his selection. Turner's wishes and Ruskin's opinion are to be respected, but the fact that certain of Turner's late pictures, such as the *Angel standing in the Sun*, *Exile and Rock Limpet*, and others, were exhibited at the Royal Academy during his lifetime should not weigh by a hair against the opinion, if it be held, that they represent only the decay of his genius. Against these we should consider the quantity of admirable sketches which are not seen or seen only by rotation among the twenty thousand in the basement of the National Gallery. A complete and final catalogue which, I understand, is in preparation, is much needed, but if it is not accompanied by a more complete exhibition, it will only be of use to students.

And here I would suggest that, to avoid in future appearing ridiculous in the eyes of the art directors of the rest of the world, we should set apart one day every year, say November 5, on which a solemn official procession should be made round the cellars of the National Gallery, the Tate Museum and the Wallace Gallery, headed by Sir Charles Holroyd, Mr. Claude Phillips, who has proved himself an adept in this kind of discovery, and Mr. Lionel Cust, girt with their insignia of office and accompanied by Mr. David Hogarth and Mr. Evans, armed with spade and mattock, for the purpose of pronouncing and declaring the secretion of explosive masterpieces. Otherwise our nerves will yield under the strain of perpetual apprehension.

B. S.

MR. A. L. COBURN'S PHOTOGRAPHS

MR. ALVIN LANGDON COBURN exhibits, in the Galleries of the Royal Photographic Society, a long hundred of photographs, the catalogue of which contains a clever and characteristic preface by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Some of the pictures are equal to any we have seen, but, though we by no means agree with those who make the lens show more than is visible to the unaided human eye, we think Mr. Coburn carries the impressionist craze beyond reasonable limits, and the majority of his photographs seem to have been produced by a camera afflicted with astigmatism. No. 76, "Fog," is a clever piece of work, showing sundry objects looming through the atmosphere of a typical November day, but the title might have been used for many of the other items in the catalogue. However excusable this may be in landscape work, where a certain lack of definition is often desirable, we cannot appreciate it in the case of portraits, the object of which is, surely, to represent the sitter as he appears to the

normal eye, and not as he would look through improperly constructed spectacles.

We do not wish to imply that the exhibition as a whole is disappointing, for there are many pleasing pictures on the walls. No. 26, *Portrait of my Mother*, shows a handsome and kindly lady, whose photograph is, speaking technically, quite satisfactory. Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. Edward Carpenter are good, and so is young Mr. Andrew Lang. *A Mother and Child* is a delightful study taken in a very subdued light, and many of the landscapes will please the eye of the connoisseur. The Trafalgar Square Lion, however, gives us an impression of a beast as big as the Sphinx, which quite eclipses the National Gallery in the background.

In No. 57, *A Decorative Study*, the reversed swan is "a cute dodge," but the result is too symmetrical to be satisfactory. *Princes Street Gardens*, Edinburgh, gives a very fine view of a curved stone staircase, but little else: the title, we presume, is a joke, like that of *The Cardinal's Breakfast of raw turnips and carrots*!

On the other hand, the *Portrait of George Meredith, Esq.*, is a magnificent piece of work, and this picture is in itself an ample recompense for a journey to 66 Russell Square, where any one interested in photographs will be welcomed on presenting a visiting card. The Royal Photographic Society makes no charge for admission to exhibitions in its own house.

MUSIC

DON QUIXOTE

It is now some time since Mr. Ernest Newman first undertook to play the arduous rôle of Sancho Panza to the Don Quixote of Richard Strauss, but from the time that he first espoused the fortunes of that eccentric genius he has followed him with a faithfulness, which, like that of the original Sancho, is by no means blind to the foibles of his chief. He has told us that neither "Tod und Verklärung" nor "Ein Heldenleben" are representative of the real Strauss, and he has impatiently dismissed the "Sinfonia Domestica" as the greatest of Quixotic errors; but in a work actually illustrative of Cervantes's romance, "Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character" he found the best characteristics of his hero and has championed its cause accordingly. Of it he says:

It is in the "Don Quixote" that Strauss is most really and truly himself and most thoroughly human. . . . I say nothing here of its technique, though that alone is sufficient to make one ask oneself whether it is possible for music to develop further than this. Nowhere, outside the work of glorious old Bach, is there such a combination in music of inexhaustible fertility of imagination and the most rigid austerity in choice of material.

This work has been neglected in England. It received one not very successful performance at the Strauss Festival at St. James's Hall in 1903, and was not heard again until Saturday, February 3, 1906, when the Queen's Hall Orchestra played it under Mr. Wood. I always want to hear Strauss, as, to judge from the audience, do most people, but this time, partly because the opportunity of hearing "Don Quixote" had been so long withheld, but chiefly because of the high praise bestowed on the work by Mr. Ernest Newman, I was particularly anxious to make its further acquaintance. Nor was I disappointed. There is everything in the work which, knowing Cervantes and Strauss, one would expect. In the introduction a beautiful upward figure, used as a duet in somewhat close imitation, creates an atmosphere of courtly grace which, through all the subsequent frenzy of Don Quixote's madness, Sancho's lumbering gait and talk, Dulcinea's frank vulgarity, is never lost sight of. Then, with the aid of a carefully written and suggestive programme, one may follow the development of the characters and their doings and sayings, and even without a programme one cannot miss the flock of sheep, the windmill,

and the imaginary flight through the air. The grotesque realism of the sheep makes the whole audience roar with laughter, the pathos of Don Quixote's death might even make susceptible members of it weep; at any rate it enlists the whole-hearted sympathy of all. The one is, of course, just Strauss's cleverness, the other is his humanity, which is what makes us all tolerate his cleverness, which otherwise would be diabolical. For the sake of his genuine human feeling, which calls forth our sympathy whether we will or no, we willingly sit through the hideous passages in the middle of "Ein Heldenleben," we even listen to his wretched baby squalling in its bath. How much more readily, then, can we listen to a work in which every feature is a part of the development of a story which we already know and which interests us! When our ears were "dinn'd with uproar rude" in "Ein Heldenleben," we had to be content with the knowledge that a rather vague and shadowy Hero was doing battle against equally indefinite enemies, and the extreme domesticity of the very similar "uproar rude" in the later work was only painfully reminiscent. But when we can see in it the drolleries of Don Quixote's illusions, his tilting at windmills and flight through the air; when we can hear the voice of Sancho calling to him that this vast army, against which he advances so heroically, is but a flock of sheep upon the hillside; when we can actually hear noises in the orchestra which recall to us market day in a small country town, of course it is excellent fun and we all thoroughly enjoy ourselves, until Strauss is pleased, as he always is sooner or later, to give us something genuinely beautiful, which can arouse real emotion and sympathy. For my own part, I have not a fine enough sense to distinguish that "rigid austerity in the choice of material" which Mr. Ernest Newman finds to be akin to Bach. Rather I should say that, like most of Strauss's work, it is made up of a variety of material, good, bad and indifferent. There is the grace of the theme before alluded to. Then the vein of "Straussian" weirdness in the Don Quixote themes is, of course, appropriate, whereas in the "sulky" husband or the freakish wife of the "Sinfonia Domestica" it was just annoying. Strauss has a commonplace side to him which generally comes out when he allows himself, as even he must sometimes, to be plainly and simply diatonic. This feature, so unfortunate elsewhere, is, of course, turned to most happy account for the themes of Sancho Panza and Dulcinea. In fact, this subject, not in itself of the greatest, affords just the right material for the most happy display of Strauss's powers, and the result is a work which keeps an audience interested from start to finish by its successful blending of humour and pathos.

It is rather too late in the day to re-open the discussion of the methods of Richard Strauss. Mr. Ernest Newman thinks that in the main they are those of the Music of the Future; some of us believe that they are not, but this belief does not in the least preclude us from appreciating every work which reveals his extraordinary personality. A preliminary note, however, in the clever programme book of Messrs. Pitt and Kalisch on the "polyphony" of Richard Strauss cannot quite escape comment. The joint writers say:

It is almost a pity that we are obliged to call it polyphony, because it is something so very different from that which used to go by that name. Whereas in older composers the main object of polyphony was to build up an euphonious and symmetrical musical structure, its object in the hands of specifically "modern" writers is to illustrate, by the combination and the mutual interaction of themes, the relations between the things which the themes represent, and their effects on each other or on the souls of the persons with whom the music deals. And nowhere can this be seen better than in the dialogues between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

When one reads such a statement, one's chief wonder is that there is so much music in Richard Strauss's works as there is. One may go a step further than these writers and say that it is a pity that we are obliged to call these sound-constructions by the name of music, since, according to them, they are the outcome of a combination of ideas which are not connected by any tonal affinity, but only by

their power to express their several non-musical ideas, which, for purposes of the story or development of character, have to be brought into close conjunction. Such a theory at once accounts for all the ugly passages in Strauss; but, if adopted, it places his work once and for all outside the pale of music. Interpret the word "euphony" as broadly as you will; show that it is possible to include every apparently harsh combination of sound within the bounds of an ultimate euphony, but once discard the idea of a sound combination on some euphonious basis and all link with the music of the past is gone, we plunge in a chaos of sound without form and void. I believe that most of Strauss's combinations can be justified on a broad principle of euphony and that many of his apparent vagaries sound on better acquaintance as euphonious as the polyphonic passage in the *Meistersinger* prelude to which in their next paragraph these writers refer. But, after hearing such a theory propounded, it is rather surprising to be told with reference to example 1 c: "the strange harmonies in bars 2 and 4 suggest to commentators Don Quixote's tendency to mental aberration." These "strange" harmonies are in truth a succession of sevenths, which might be used as examples in the most orthodox harmony primer, and are among the simplest bars in the whole work. So the "whirligig of time brings in his revenges." Strauss's previous sanity has been so mad that his madness is quite commonplace, almost conventional.

To sum up, I find in "Don Quixote" one of the most delightful works of the most eccentric composer we have, but I conceive it to be successful, not as the mighty utterance of a prophet but because the subject exactly suited him. Strauss is Don Quixote, and perhaps he combines in himself something of Sancho Panza too, not to speak of Dulcinea. I have said nothing about the other delights of this concert, because this paper is not a concert report. I should like to write separately about the Mozart *Haffner* symphony, and the Brahms Double Concerto. In all, Mr. Wood's orchestra were at their very best, and Professor Hugo Becker's violoncello playing was masterly.

H. C. C.

[The second article on the "Oxford History of Music" will appear next week.]

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

A WORK entitled "Bossism and Monopoly," by Mr. J. C. Spelling, will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on February 12. This book is a luminous account, by a competent economist, of the system of trusts and monopolies. As the author shows, the Government of the United States, while nominally democratic, is really a plutocracy based on corruption and blackmail. Among the subjects dealt with in Mr. Spelling's chapters are the following: the general monopoly and trust situation; partnerships between party bossism and monopoly; how to overthrow party bosses; abuses of privilege by municipal service monopolies; the advantages of municipal ownership; abuses by railroads in private hands; remedies and proposed remedies, and the feasibility and advantages of Government ownership.

Mr. Unwin will publish on February 12 a book on "The Manors of Suffolk—their History and Devolution and their Several Lords," by Dr. W. A. Copinger, Professor of Law in the Victoria University of Manchester. While collecting particulars respecting the manuscript and other records relating to the county of Suffolk, with the object of preparing a record history, Dr. Copinger came across much information of an interesting character relating to the manors and their lords. The history of each manor starts with the Domesday entry, and many of the manors have been traced down, practically without a break, to the present day. An endeavour has been made to render the book as popular as was possible consistently with historical

accuracy and permanent value. Views are given of several of the old manor houses. The present volume deals only with the Hundreds of Babergh and Blackbourn, but if its reception is satisfactory, Dr. Copinger hopes to treat the rest of the county in the same way.

Mr. Unwin is just issuing a second impression of Mrs. Bearne's "A Queen of Napoleon's Court—the Life Story of Desirée Bernadotte." He is also publishing a new impression of Dr. Jessopp's "The Coming of the Friars."

A new work is announced by Mr. Edwin Elliot, entitled "Barr and Son, a Story of a Modern Knight Errant," to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock. The story is founded on the efforts of a band of young Oxford idealists to improve the character and status of the working man, by practical life in industrial undertakings.

"Leabhar na h-Alba" (The Book of Scotland), by the Hon. Ruaidhri Erskine (Ruairdhri MacUilleim a dh' Arascain).—It is proposed to compile and to publish under this title, a Peerage of the Gaelic Nobility of Scotland. The basis of the work will be supplied by the Legend of the Seven Sons of Cruithne. The Seven Sons are named in the best Gaelic manuscripts as follows: Cait, Ce, Cirig, Fib, Fidach, Fotla, Fortrenn, which names correspond to the following principalities, Caithness, Mar, Mearns, Fife, Moray, Atholl, and Menteith. In all, however, the following dignities will be treated of, in addition to those named above, in order to render the work as representative of Gaelic Scotland as possible: Angus, Argyll, Buchan, Galloway, Lennox, Lorn, MacDonald (of the Isles), Ross, Sutherland, and the Kings of Scotland. It is intended strictly to confine this work to the Gaelic Nobility of Scotland, and to their descendants, whether direct or collateral. A few great families, not of Gaelic origin, will, however, receive briefer and less detailed mention by reason of their connection with Gaelic Scotland. Individuals and clans which cannot satisfactorily prove their descent from one or other of the above mentioned dignities, will not be treated of. In the case of a modern nobleman's holding an ancient Gaelic honour, neither the particulars nor the pedigree of his family will be given unless his original should be Gaelic. In the Preface to the work, it is intended to offer some observations touching the degrees of Rank amongst the Gaels, together with some remarks concerning the Seven Sons of Cruithne—the seven original *Mór-mhaoir* of Alba. The text of the work will be in the Gaelic language, and the illustrations to the book will be in the Gaelic manner. As the expense of so important and arduous an undertaking will necessarily be great, the author and publisher venture to appeal to the patriotism of their fellow countrymen, with a view to securing their practical support to their proposed undertaking. It is proposed to have two impressions of the work: one at £3 3s. (strictly limited to one hundred copies), and the other at £1 rs., whose number will depend upon the amount of support received. Orders for either of these impressions, which are not payable in advance of publication, can be sent at once to Mr. Eneas Mackay, Publisher, Stirling.

"The Integrative Action of the Nervous System." By Charles S. Sherrington, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Holt Professor of Physiology at the University of Liverpool, will be published in the early spring of 1906, by Messrs. Constable. The subject of this book formed ten lectures delivered at the Yale University in 1904 on the Silliman Foundation. Professor Sherrington's authority as a physiologist gives importance and distinction to this new volume of Silliman Memorial Lectures. In the multicellular animal the author holds, especially for those higher reactions which constitute its behaviour as a social unit, in the natural economy, it is nervous reaction which *par excellence* integrates it, welds it together from its components and constitutes it from a mere collection of organs an animal individual. This integrative action, in virtue of which the nervous system unifies from separate organs an animal possessing solidarity, an individual, is the problem which Professor Sherrington discusses in this book in a manner

at once luminous and authoritative. The book is fully illustrated with diagrams, curves, etc.

"The Adventures of a Born Tramp," by Bart Kennedy. —In his new book, announced by Messrs. Cassell, Mr. Bart Kennedy, forsaking politics and polemics, goes back to the reminiscences of "A Man Adrift," and gives a further series of interesting personal experiences from his adventurous and romantic life in the States. The sketch which gives the title to the book shows Mr. Kennedy as one of the leaders in a great tramp settlement. Two out-of-the-common experiences are narrated in an oyster-piracy adventure, and fishing for stones, whilst the author also describes his life as strolling player, property man and circus assistant.

"Popular Modern Artists."—In a volume by Mrs. Lionel Birch, shortly to be published by Messrs. Cassell, the story of the "discovery" of Newlyn as a painting-ground is related authoritatively, and its development as an artistic colony is traced by those who assisted materially in the process. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's own experiences in the painting of his Newlyn pictures, his difficulties and successes, his stories of models—some of whom are celebrities of Newlyn—and of the colony, constitute an interesting chapter in contemporary art-history. Mrs. Forbes—who went to Newlyn as Miss Elizabeth Armstrong—has made a reputation as an artist which is equal to that of her husband. The story of her training and subsequent successes is also fully related, for the most part autobiographically. The illustrations in colour and in monochrome have been approved by Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.

To acquaint himself with the causes of the recent outbreaks, as well as to study the life and habits of the people, Mr. Foster Fraser last autumn made an extensive journey in the Balkans. In a volume shortly to be published by Messrs. Cassell, he recounts his experiences. The author in his journey visited Serbia and Bulgaria, crossed the Balkan Mountains into Turkey, and toured the vilayet of Adrianople, where there was much fighting between the Turks and Bulgarians. He then pursued his way through Macedonia into the disturbed regions, and pushed into the fastnesses of Albania. The volume is profusely illustrated from photographs by the author.

It will be of interest to librarians and writers to know that a Biographical Bibliography of "Celebrated Women" is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., comprising a Dictionary of Women who for various reasons have made themselves remarkable at any period and in any country, with dates of birth and death, and index to portraits with names of engravers, the prices at which books, portraits and autographs have been sold at sales, etc. etc.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., have made arrangements to issue a new illustrated copyright edition of Miss Alcott's works to comprise eight of the best stories, commencing in March with "Eight Cousins," printed from entirely new type, with new illustrations and binding. The same firm are also issuing a reprint of Miss Alcott's "Work" and "Beginning Again" (the two books in one), in their 2s. series.

A revised edition of Mrs. Frewen Lord's "Tales from St. Paul's Cathedral," at the popular price of rs., will shortly be ready. This book, together with the Tales of Westminster Abbey and Canterbury Cathedral, is widely adopted by teachers for school use. Messrs. Sampson Low are the publishers.

Mr. John Long is on the point of publishing Maxwell Gray's new novel "The Great Refusal." The story is concerned with the conflict of character and resolution between two men of diverse temperaments; the father, a man of money, and his only son, a man of mind. The "Great Refusal" is the refusal of the son to continue in the career mapped out for him by his father, preferring rather to devote himself to the service of humanity.

Mr. Neil Munro is to repeat his experiment of two years ago, Messrs. Blackwood including in their list of

forthcoming books "The Vital Spark," by Hugh Foulis, the pseudonym by which Mr. Munro concealed his authorship of "Airchie."

"Fanny Lambert," a new story by Dr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, author of "The Lady Killer" and other stories, will be published by Mr. Unwin on February 12.

"My Cornish Neighbours" is the title of a volume of sketches by Mrs. Havelock Ellis to be published on Tuesday, the 13th inst., by Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

CORRESPONDENCE

IN MEMORIAM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you permit a lover of Tennyson's poetry to express disagreement with your reviewer's contention that section lxi. of *Is Memoriam* is "radically obscure"?

If, in thy second state sublime

Thy ransom'd reason change replies

With all the circle of the wise,

The perfect flower of human time—

Line two may cause perplexity for a moment, but a second glance shows the reader that "change" is a verb, and that "change replies" means "holds converse." The thought is now quite lucid. The poet's friend, who holds converse with the mighty dead, is conceived as realising by comparison the infirmities of his earthly comrade. And, surely, "forcible" is the very word one would choose, for the poet's rejoinder:

I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakespeare love thee more.

M. C. H.

"JEWELS FIVE WORDS LONG"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—At the imminent risk of causing your correspondent "H. L. E." a severe nervous shock, I would, with peculiar diffidence, suggest that he read "all time" as a compound word, though I still plainly see an objection to "all." The last two words of the phrase "for ever"—I forbear to quote out of deference to "H. L. E.'s" heart-piercing supplication—refer to "jewels": Tennyson meaning, so I take it, jewels that would never lose their lustre, and more, that would "sparkle for ever," i.e., never yield place to lovelier gems.

"H. L. E.'s" reference to the suburban tea-table is scarcely kind—possibly your correspondent had in mind a few sweet enemies who do not read the columns of the ACADEMY. His tea-table simile hardly does Tennyson justice. I cannot see "absurdity" in the symbolism used by the great laureate. May we not conceive Time, as Tennyson probably here did, as some august presence, draped, as it were, with the abiding magnificence of the ages, standing with hand outstretched, and pointing into faint futurity to that "far-off divine event"? And is it too great a strain on an imagination, dominated by such a conception of Time, to picture the detail of the pointing finger—figuratively bright with gems cut and set by the great artificers, gems that startle with their lustrous beauty man's inward vision to-day, and that shall gladden to the spiritual eyes of centuries?

As to whether Tennyson had the "immortal" phrase in view when he wrote the lines in question is not for his readers to say. Certain it is that the sublime phrase is never attained by arduous labour alone. Such phrase, it would seem, results when the poet is least conscious of himself, when a power other and higher than the poet takes him, as it were, by surprise, and co-operates with his mind and heart to flash forth the inevitable consummate thought which is at once beauty and power.

JAMES A. MACKERETH.

THE ROKEBY VELASQUEZ

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I, as a regular reader, offer you my hearty congratulations on the reappearance of one of your best contributors, our friend "The Man in the Street." He has always something worth saying, and he always says it well. He is one of the few writers of to-day whom one feels any desire to "grasp by the hand" (to use a favourite phrase of a deceased dramatic critic).

If I were able, just now, to grasp him by the hand, I should probably look earnestly into his eyes and say: Now, my dear man, will you tell me, honestly, what is it at the bottom of your mind? Is there not just the least little suspicion of prudery? This "Venus and Cupid" (let us keep its usual title for a moment) represents a nude woman lying with her back towards the spectator. Whatever it is called, it obviously is the portrait of a real young woman, whose face, we may conclude, was not so fair as her form, and is therefore shown only in the blurred reflection in the mirror held up by a chubby nude child with wings. You, my dear Man in the Street, are sensible and agree

with Mr. Robert Ross that "subject is an important factor in a picture or drawing." The subject of this drawing is a young nude woman looking at herself in the glass and showing us what she does not look at. If the young woman had been clothed, might she not still have looked at herself in the glass and not raised your ire? Come confess!

But, if you look into it, that is not the whole subject: there is another and a higher. And that is Beauty—the beauty of the human form. No matter who the young woman was, no matter what her character or morals, her beauty, stripped of all associations with the uses to which she may have put it, remains for us to admire so long as the picture lasts, set before us simply as beauty by a painter who here brought all his matchless skill to the expression of it. The critics have not satisfied you? With the exception of one or two cranks, they have all, we believe, bowed in reverence before the exquisite beauty of the human body thus seen and thus painted. That said, there was no more they could say; for unless they are even more blind than they appear to be, they must know that sheer beauty brings its own influence for good, and is a better subject for a picture than any amount of moral anecdote or moral quality. The idea of vanity only comes when we set about seeking for a label: for most of us it is enough to let the beauty influence and uplift us, without analysing as if we were Extension Lecturers. The label is as unimportant as the title. Who cares about Venus or Cupid? Who cares if Velasquez, in deference to the classicalism of his day (which was also Rubens's day) called it so, and worked the pattern of his composition to include a chubby child and a mirror? It is not Venus and Cupid any more than a news-sheet was a "Mercury," or history a "Muse." And I would add that the mirror means something—is, indeed, of the utmost importance. Suppose the young woman's face had been altogether hidden. What should we have said? "She is ashamed of posing nude and in this position"; and we never could have looked at the picture without a feeling of pain. To omit the mirror would have been to introduce the prurient.

No, my dear Man in the Street, the sheer beauty of this picture is its own justification, and the justification of the people who have demanded and secured £50,000 for it, and the people who have bought it and are going to put it where all the world can see.

ARTIUM AMATOR.

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In these weeks one reads with reverence amounting to awe anything that appears over the signature C. B.; and can easily admire the simple device that by merely omitting the otherwise essential hyphen, secures a dignified and modest incognito. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, and even at times to condescend to the rôle of *causeur* or "agreeable Rattle," as it used to be called; but it is not necessary always to subscribe one's name in plain letters.

In the circumstances one sympathises all the more keenly with poor Archdeacon Wrangham (see ACADEMY, February 3, p. 115). Original all-father of walking encyclopædias, "ornament Wrangham," correspondent of Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt and Byron, is it come to this? That in the ACADEMY, inevitable and continuous supplement to the Encyclopædia, you should be spoken of as a person, "who apparently also dabbled in the making of guide-books and verses." Dabbled, quotha! Ever witness for him the thirty-six several monuments of learning, sacred eloquence, and poetry separately published by him and duly recorded in D. N. B. (where John Cole has also a very respectable niche)—not to speak of his innumerable contributions to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Blackwood*, *Nichols's Anecdotes*, and the rest. The Archdeacon it was who supplied the familiar English thunder to the Latin lightnings of Milton's *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio Secunda*. We all nod, but C. B. shakes the spheres. Let us in conclusion hear the Rev. Sydney Smith when he says: "If I had a cause to gain, I would fee Wellbeloved to plead for me, and double-fee Wrangham to plead against me."

U. J. D.

Edinburgh, February 5.

WORDSWORTH AND SHELLEY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I tender my warm thanks to a fellow Wordsworthian, Mr. Stanley Hutton, for his very kind remarks concerning my former letter.

By way of replying to Mr. J. H. Ingram, let me say that in touching quite incidentally upon "the ratio of citation" and giving Wordsworth a place next after Shakespeare and Milton in this matter, I referred of course to quotations made *nowadays* and *since Wordsworth wrote*. The totals from Pope and Butler may possibly be higher; but they were in the field a century before the great Lakist! Nor did I conclude, *from this frequency of allusion*, that Wordsworth is the greater genius. I threw it out only as some indication of the hold our Poet has upon the leading writers and the best thought of the age, and the vast extent of his appeal to "all sorts and conditions of men." This latter fact it was which formed one of the reasons leading to the conclusion that Wordsworth's place is before Shelley's on the Roll of our Poets.

It seems to me that "A Student of Literature" helps our case far more than he knows it: his interesting letter suggests some additional "reasons" with which we might pelt your unfortunate readers.

"The proof from parody" is of little account. Indeed, it seems to tell in Wordsworth's favour; for, speaking generally, the nobler the poetry, the more effective the parody. Some of the cleverest parodies in the language are those that are based upon some of the finest poems. Not to labour this point—though it would suggest a thesis I am fully prepared to defend—I seriously question whether, after all, Wordsworth does really head the list of great poets effectively parodied. What is the result of the reading and investigation of your readers here? In my own case, to mention only a few names, the order of merit (or demerit?) plans out roughly somewhat as follows: Longfellow, Swinburne, Shakespeare, Browning, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Southey, etc. etc.

Again, is it true that Wordsworth has left such a huge quantity of "printed trash" behind him? Personally, like so eminent a critic as Matthew Arnold, I can read almost everything he has written with both pleasure and profit. Then, again, where is a fixed standard by which we may judge? Trash to one person may not be so to another: "one man's meat is another man's poison."

In any case, the position of a writer cannot be determined by the greater or less quantity of rubbish deposited by him: possibly the more shavings, sweepings and litter about the floor of the workshop, the more work of excellent quality has been done. As regards Wordsworth, however, it is maintained, that after all reasonable deductions have been made, he has left behind him a larger body of poetry of a very high order than any other poet after Shakespeare and Milton. And this was Arnold's contention confirmed and endorsed by others, some of whom go even further.

I cannot agree with "a student" that "there is not the faintest trace of dramatic power in Wordsworth." The existence of that early and certainly miniature tragedy of "The Borderers" is alone sufficient to refute so sweeping a statement. As poetry, this drama is inferior to Shelley's *Hellas* and *The Cenci*, but it is healthier and more human than either of these; and it contains one or two dramatic situations and a sense of the dramatic proprieties. The characterisation, though rather feeble, is, I think, at any rate equal, if not superior, to Shelley's.

In Wordsworth's mind there was this vein which he did not find opportunity to work further. Still, currents of intense dramatic feeling flow strongly through scores of his later poems. "Dion" and "Laodamia"—to name two only—are really concentrated dramas. It is true that Wordsworth did not write anything quite like "Adonais" and the "Ode to the West Wind." That, however, does not prove that he *couldn't*, if he had chosen. Suppose we grant that they were "out of his reach"—as, according to your correspondent, the "Ode to Duty," the "Intimations," etc., were out of Shelley's; there remains to remark, that the latter immortal pieces and a hundred others of which they are typical, are poems of a *higher order* than the majority of those in which the genius of Shelley habitually sought expression. The soul of Wordsworth lived and breathed in a loftier region; and for this reason what he has given to mankind is, in all vital things, of such immensely higher value than the ineffectual "beating in the void" of Shelley.

We enjoy poems of the "Skylark" sort, and admire their exquisite felicities, not condemning too severely their wretched pessimistic tone and their moody melancholy—and this tone and temper infect nearly everything that Shelley wrote; but we know that a richer and a better bouquet is spread before us by Wordsworth. He gives us strength and inspiration in daily life, "blessed consolations in distress," insists upon joy as a "paramount duty"—"joy in widest commonality spread"—and shows *how we may attain it*, and he strives with all the might of mind and heart to elevate and exalt the whole being. His main business is with "the things that belong unto our peace," and with those mighty spiritual passions which refine and purify and ennoble.

"The gift of converting the abstract into the concrete" is one of the easiest and most obvious, and thus surely not one of the highest poetical gifts: when indulged in *to excess*, as is often the case with Shelley, it may only irritate the reader and impoverish the poetry, because removing it too much from actual fact and life, giving it a spice of unreality and making it more remote and intangible than ever—a distinct defect.

Yet Wordsworth possessed this gift, too: witness "Yew Trees"; but he used it wisely, and held it in strict subservience to that more excellent and *more difficult* task, which he so magnificently discharged, of transfiguring the concrete and the common, fixing closest attention upon the ideal elements latent in the real, and throwing the powerful light of his fervent, penetrating and spiritualising imagination upon the characters, interests, concerns and habits of ordinary men and women and upon Nature with which humanity is linked by the presence and operation of the same Divine and Beneficent Power.

Hence, Wordsworth has become not so much mere Poet as Prophet, Priest and Seer of truths and splendours never hidden from those who seek with love, sympathy, purity and "lowliness of heart."

G. E. BIDDLE.

BURNS'S "TAM O' SHANTER"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Let me correct one mis-statement by Mr. C. S. Jerram in his second letter to you (ACADEMY, February 3, 1906). "Tam o' Shanter," he says, "appeared first in the *Edinburgh Magazine* of March 1791."

That was not the case. Mr. Jerram has taken his information from the Centenary Burns, which is in error on the point. The poem in question was first printed in Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland*, v. 2—for which it was "expressly wrote." That work was issued in numbers (beginning 1789), and the part containing the "pretty tale annexed to Alloway Church" was out in February 1791: not later—perhaps earlier.

J. C. EWING.

Glasgow, February 6.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Potter, Mary Knight. *The Art of the Venice Academy*, containing a Brief History of the Building and of its Collection of Paintings as well as Descriptions and Criticisms of many of the principal Pictures and the Artists. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xiii, 359. Bell, 6s. net.

[A worthy companion to Miss Knight's "Art of the Vatican" and "Art of the Louvre." Lavishly illustrated with a plan of the Galleries, a Bibliography (for the use of students—not experts) and an Index.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Broadley, A. M. and Bartelot, R. G. *Three Dorset Captains at Trafalgar: Thomas Masterman Hardy, Charles Bullen, Henry Digby*. 9 × 6½. Pp. xxiv, 318. Illustrated. Murray, 15s. net.

Jeyes, Samuel Henry. *The Earl of Rosebery*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. x, 285. Dent. 2s. 6d. net.

[One of the series of "Prime Ministers of England," edited by Stuart J. Reid. The story is carried down to the present moment.]

CLASSICS.

Demosthenes against Midias. With critical and explanatory notes and an appendix by William Watson Goodwin. 8½ × 5½. Pp. viii, 188. Cambridge University Press, 9s.

[Dr. Goodwin is Eliot Professor of Greek Literature Emeritus at Harvard.] C. *Suetonii Tranquilli de vita Caesarum Libri VIII.* recensuit Leo Preud'homme. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xii, 338. Groningen: J. B. Wolters. Fl. 2.25.

[A volume in the "Bibliotheca Batava Scriptorum Graecae et Rom." M. Preud'homme is well known as an authority and theorist on manuscripts of Suetonius, and in this volume he gives the text, with v. l. in footnotes.]

DRAMA.

Synge, J. M. *The Well of the Saints*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xviii, 92. Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.

[Vol. iv. of "Plays for an Irish Theatre." This play was seen in London last year. Mr. W. B. Yeats contributes an introduction.]

EDUCATION.

Cambridge University Press. Pitt Press Series. *Cicero pro S. Roscio Amerino*, edited by J. C. Nicol. 6½ × 4½. Pp. xxxi, 150. 2s. 6d. Burke, Edmund. *Speeches on American Taxation and Conciliation with America*, edited by Arthur D. Innes. 7 × 4½. Pp. xxxiii, 200. 3s. Cambridge University Press.

Black's School Editions. *The Abbot*, by Sir Walter Scott. With Introduction and Notes by H. Corstorphine. With extracts from Scott's own preface and notes. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xxiii, 471. 2s. *Barnaby Rudge*, by Charles Dickens. With Introduction and Notes by A. A. Barter. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xxiv, 654. 2s. 6d. A. & C. Black.

Forbes, Amary H. *Essays and how to write them*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. viii, 146. Ralph, Holland, 2s.

ETHNOLOGY.

Parker, K. Langloh. *The Euahlayi Tribe*, a study of aboriginal life in Australia. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. 9½ × 6. Pp. xxviii, 156. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

[A tribe that has hitherto been hardly mentioned by anthropologists; dwelling in north-western New South Wales. Mrs. Parker has been acquainted since childhood with the Australian natives, and Mr. Lang testifies for her close scientific observation throughout a number of years. She has had access, too, to the women and children to a degree impossible to men.]

FICTION.

White, F. M. *The Weight of the Crown*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 319. Ward, Lock, 6s.

[A newspaper "serial" dignified by boards and a high price. The throne of the Kingdom of Asturia—two beautiful girls exactly like each other—stolen papers—a weakly king and a strong queen: these are some of the ingredients of a story that is exciting enough.]

Pearce J. H. *The Dreamer's Book*: being fantasies and drawbacks dealing mainly with the illusions and disillusionings of life. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 134. Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.

[Imaginative and often beautiful sketches selected from "Drols from Shadowland" (1893) and "Tales of the Masque" (1894) with a few of later date. Mr. Pearce is best known, perhaps, as the author of "Esther Pentreath."] Onions, Oliver. *The Drakestone*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 324. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Sims, George R. *For Life and After*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 344. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

[The romance of an innocent woman condemned to penal servitude for life, and her difficulties and sufferings after release. Illustrating the peril of conviction on circumstantial evidence.] Savile, Frank; and Watson, A. E. T. *Fate's Intruder*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 295. Heinemann, 6s.

Phillipotts, Eden. *The Portreeve*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 364. Methuen, 6s. (See p. 139.) Langbridge, Rosamond. *The Ambush of Young Days*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 344. Duckworth, 6s.

Macdonald, Ronald. *The Sea Maid*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 322. Methuen, 6s.

Drummond, Hamilton. *The Chain of Seven Lives*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 308. White, 6s.

Roberts, Morley. *The Blue Peter*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 248. Nash, 6s.

Carey, Wymond. "No. 101." 7½ × 5½. Pp. 332. Blackwood, 6s.

HISTORY.

The Political History of England. In twelve Volumes. Edited by William Hunt and Reginald L. Poole. Hodgkin, Thomas. *The History of England from the Earliest Times to the Norman Conquest.* 9x6½. Pp. xxii, 528. Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.

[This, the first in historical order of Dr. Hunt and Mr. Poole's great undertaking, is not the first volume to appear. The scope is sufficiently explained by the title. There are two maps: Roman Britain and Anglo-Saxon, and a good Index. For the scope of the History as a whole see the ACADEMY, December 2, 1905, p. 1270.]

Kennedy, Pringle. *A History of the Great Moghuls, or a History of the Badshahate of Delhi from 1398 A.D. to 1739*, with an Introduction concerning the Mongols and Moghuls of Central Asia. Vol. I. 9½x6½. Pp. vi, 319. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink. London: Thacker, 12s.

[Mr. Pringle's object has been to make a work "readable by the man in the street, the person who knows but little of Indian History but has an interest in India." The sub-title more truly expresses the nature of his book than the title. This volume carries us to the death of Akbar, and the work will be complete in two volumes. A good index.]

LITERATURE AND LANGUAGES.

Greenslet, Ferris. *James Russell Lowell, His Life and Work.* 7½x5½. Pp. xii, 309. Constable, 6s. net.

[Mr. Greenslet has attempted, as good biographers do, to let Lowell tell his own story. He has had access to Lowell's commonplace-books and note-books in the possession of Professor C. E. Norton, and other unpublished sources of information. Lowell is considered only as a man of letters, abolitionist, professor, and diplomatist; and at the end some two critical chapters on his poetry and prose.]

Naish, Ethel M. *Browning and Dogma.* Seven lectures on Browning's attitude towards dogmatic religion. 7½x5½. Pp. 210. Bell, 4s. 6d. net.

[Miss Naish's lectures were delivered last autumn in Birmingham. They form a close and careful analysis of "Caliban upon Setebos," "Cleon," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" and "La Saisiaz," with, of course, full reference to "A Death in the Desert" and other poems. Browning's Christianity seems to us very well and wisely defined in an interesting and scholarly book.]

Cary, Elizabeth Luther. *The Novels of Henry James, a Study.* 7½x5. Pp. 215. Putnam, 5s.

[Miss Cary's chapters are: Introductory: American Character: The Genius of Place: The Question of Wealth: Imagination: Philosophy. Mr. Frederick Allen King contributes a bibliography, which does not profess to include all the English editions.]

Magnus, Laurie. *How to read English Literature.* Chaucer to Milton. 6½x4½. Pp. xii, 207. Routledge, 2s. 6d.

[An attempt "first, to interest the reader . . . and, secondly, to divert his attention to the general unifying principles which govern the subject." The Board of Education recommends that the literature lesson be brought into connection with the history-teaching, and what Mr. Magnus calls the "impressionism" of his book is an attempt to fulfil this requirement.]

Publications of the S.P.C.K. *The Psalms in the Language of Taveeta.* 6½x4½. Pp. 160, 1s. 6d.; *The Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in Chiswina*, the language of Mashonaland. 6½x4½. Pp. 381, 1s. 4d.; *The Book of Common Prayer in Spanish* (revised edition). 5½x5½. Pp. 561, 9d.; *Hymns in the Maori Language.* 5½x3½. Pp. 159, 6d.; *Norris's Manual of the Prayer-Book in Luganda.* 6½x4½. Pp. 244; *The Second Reader: Temne and English.* 6½x4½. Pp. 38, 8d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tolstoy Leo. *The End of the Age* (on the approaching Revolution) preceded by *The Crisis in Russia.* Translated by V. Tchertkoff and Dr. I. F. Mayo: with a note by the latter. 9x5½. Pp. 88. Heinemann, 2s.

[*"The Crisis in Russia"* appeared in the *Times*, March 11, 1905: *"The End of the Age"* in the *Fortnightly Review* for January and February 1906.]

Holyoake, George Jacob. *The History of Co-operation.* In two volumes, each 9x6½. Pp. xviii, 691. Unwin, 21s.

[Volume I, Pioneer Period, 1812 to 1844, was published in 1875; Volume II, Constructive Period, 1845 to 1878, in 1879. To the reissue is now added a new Part III., 1876-1904. Portraits and an Index.]

Northcote, Hugh. *Christianity and Sex Problems.* 8½x6½. Pp. x, 257. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Co.

[A scientific and religious examination of sex difficulties.]

Dresser, Horatio W. *Health and the Inner Life.* An Analytical and Historical Study of Spiritual Healing Theories, with an account of the Life and Teachings of P. P. Quimby. 7½x5½. Pp. 255. The Inner Life Series. Putnam, 6s.

Miles, Eustace. *Threepence a Day for Food.* 6½x4½. Pp. 96. Constable, 1s. net.

[Mr. Eustace Miles, his chef and his secretary, shocked at their former extravagance, under which their meals cost fivepence a head for raw materials, lived for a week on meals which cost twopence a head daily. "It was not pleasant," but it taught them something. In this book Mr. Miles sets out fully and practically how to live on threepence a head daily. There are plenty of receipts given, and most of them sound delicious. But the cooking must be perfect.]

Fish, D. S. *The Book of the Winter Garden.* 7½x5½. Pp. xii, 107. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

[One of the "Handbooks of Practical Gardening," edited by Harry Roberts. Illustrated. Gives a full account of the principal winter-flowering plants and those plants valuable in the open for their fruit, foliage, or stem effect.]

The Wisdom of the East Series. *The Wisdom of Israel*, being extracts from the Babylonian Talmud and Midrash Rabbah. Translated from the Aramaic and Hebrew with an Introduction by Edwin Collins. 6½x5. Pp. 60. Murray, 1s. net.

[Few, if any, of those extracts have been translated into English before, and the little volume is packed with interest and wisdom.]

Karslake, Frank (edited by). *Book-Auction Records.* A Priced and Annotated Record of London Book Auctions. Vol. 3. Part 1. October 1, to December 31, 1905. Karslake.

[This new instalment of Mr. Karslake's invaluable and masterly work contains 4401 records, including those of the Cork, Irving, Hawley, Richards and Bacon Libraries and many others.]

The Borough of Gravesend Public Library. *Catalogue of Books in the Lending Libraries*, with descriptive notes and cross-references. Compiled by the Librarian, Alex. J. Philip. 9½x6½. Pp. xiv, 137. Gravesend Public Library, 9d.

The Public School Year-Book, 1906. With a general list of preparatory schools. 7½x5½. Pp. lxiv, 675. Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. net.

[This issue contains, in addition to its usual excellent features, a special article on "Military Efficiency in Public and Preparatory Schools," compiled from unique statistics obtained from Schools in reply to a series of Questions drawn up for the Editors by Lord Roberts.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

Guppy, H. B. *Observations of a Naturalist in the Pacific between 1896 and 1899.* Vol. II. *Plant-Dispersal.* 9½x6½. Pp. xxviii, 627. Macmillan, 21s. net.

Ralfe, P. G. *The Birds of the Isle of Man.* 9½x6½. Pp. lvi, 321. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 18s.

[Introductory Chapters: a list of Manx Birds: Detailed account of species: Bibliography: Current acts of Tynwald affecting wild birds: Addenda and Index. The book is illustrated with photographs of scenery, bird-haunts and nests, but we find none of birds. There are two good maps.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Geikie, Sir Archibald. *The Founders of Geology.* Second Edition. 9½x6. Pp. xii, 486. Macmillan, 10s. net.

[The first edition, in the form of six lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins University, was published in 1897. This edition has departed from the lecture-form, is enlarged, and includes a new account of the earlier progress of geological ideas from Ancient Greece to the starting-point of the first edition.]

Weir, Archibald. *A Student's Introduction to Critical Philosophy.* 7½x4½. Pp. 122. Oxford: Thornton. London: Simpkin Marshall, 2s. 6d. net.

[A second and re-written edition of an Introduction to the Study of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason."]

Hare, Augustus J. C. and Baddeley, St. Clair. *Days near Rome.* 6½x4½. Pp. viii, 310. Fourth Edition. Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d. net.

[Illustrations and a Map.]

Routledge's New Universal Library. *The Life of St. Columba*, by Saint Adamnan. Newly translated from the Latin with Notes and Illustrations, by Wentworth Huyshe. 6½x4½. Pp. lxx, 255. Routledge, 1s.

[St. Columba (Colum-Kille) A.D. 521-597, was founder of the Monastery of Iona and first Christian missionary to the Pagan tribes of North Britain. Saint Adamnan, his biographer (A.D. 679-704) was ninth Abbot of the Monastery of Iona. There have been three translations of the life before, and a classic edition by Dr. William Reeves, but Mr. Huyshe's aim has been to make a version more accurate than two of them, and better literature than the third. His excellent little volume includes a Summary of the Principal Events in the life of St. Columba, and a note on St. Adamnan. Illustrations (with notes) and an Index.]

Routledge's New Universal Library. Bates, Henry Walter. *The Naturalist on the Amazons.* Pp. x, 518. Fraser, Sir William, Bart. *Words on Wellington.* The Duke-Waterloo-The Ball. Pp. 268. Each 6½x4. Routledge, 1s. each.

Humphrey, Seth K. *The Indian Dispossessed.* Revised edition. Illustrated 8x5½. Pp. 298. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.50.

[A study of the United States Government's treatment of the Reservation Indians.]

The Waistcoat Pocket Classics. *Sonnets of Keats.* Pp. 49. *The Not-Brown Maid.* Pp. 65. 2½x2½. Treherne, leather, 1s. net, cloth, 6d. net each.

[The binder of the latter volume is nervous about the antique spelling: he gives us the title as "The Nut-Brown Maid." The title-page gives it as above. We notice a very bad misprint on p. 36 of the Keats.]

The Cameo Classics. *The Vicar of Wakefield.* By Oliver Goldsmith. Pp. 190. *The Story of a Feather.* By Douglas Jerrold. Pp. 252. 6½x4. The Library Press, Sisleys Ltd., 6d. net each.

[The latter volume has a brief biographical introduction.]

SPORT.

Hubach, Theodore R. *Elephant and Seladang Hunting in the Federated Malay States.* 9x6½. Pp. xiv, 289. Rowland Ward, 10s. 6d. net.

[The seladang is generally and erroneously known as the Indian bison. Mr. Hubach's handsome book is illustrated from photographs.]

THEOLOGY.

Orr, James, D.D. *The Problem of the Old Testament*, considered with reference to recent Criticism. 9x6½. Pp. lii, 562. Nisbet, 10s. net.

[The Bross Prize, 1905. Vol. III. of the Bross Library. The idea has been "to concentrate attention on really crucial points, and to make them the pivots on which the discussion of other questions turns." Full contents, tables, notes and indexes.]

Scott, Rev. J. J., Canon of Manchester. *The Making of the Gospels.* 7½x5½. Pp. xii, 112. Murray, 1s. net.

[Six lectures delivered in Manchester last Lent, and to a great extent an expansion of Canon Scott's introduction to his "Life of Christ" (Murray). The principle is the relation between the speculative science of Higher Criticism and the exact science of Textual Criticism, which must correct and override the conclusions of the former.]

Christianity and the Working Classes. Edited by George Haw. 7½x5½. Pp. viii, 257. Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.

[Contributions by Dean Kitchen, Mr. Will Crooks, Dr. Horton, Canon Barnett, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. Silas Hocking, Mr. Bramwell Booth, Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. Ensor Walters, Mr. T. E. Harvey and Mr. Adderley. The question is: "What exactly are the present-day relationships between the Churches and Labour?"]

Parkes, A. Katharine. *Small Lessons on Great Truths*, a Book for Children. 7x4½. Pp. x, 92. Methuen, 1s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Bruges and West Flanders. Painted by Amedee Forestier. Described by G. W. T. Omond. 9x7. Pp. x, 187. Black, 10s. net.

[One of Messrs. Black's colour-books. Mr. Omond, despairing of telling the whole history of a country whose interest is mainly historical, takes a few leading incidents and describes them fully. Mr. Forestier's pictures are partly architectural and partly of modern life.]

Brassington, W. S. *Pictureque Warwickshire*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xiv, 163. Dundee: Valentine, 2s. 6d. net.
[A "glorified guide-book" by the learned chief of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon. Very handsomely got up and illustrated, and well written by an authority who knows his subject backwards.]

THE BOOKSHELF

Church Music (The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, 2s. 6d.) is a spirited attempt to deal largely and effectively with the many questions opened up by the "Motu Proprio" on Church music of Pope Pius X. His Holiness has issued certain commands as to the exclusion of women from Liturgical choirs and the adoption of the use of "plain chant" and ancient polyphonic music, which it is extremely difficult for parish priests and organists to carry out. This paper, of which the first number is now before us, attempts to give both exhortation and instruction. The article "How shall the reform in Church music be effected?" by Rev. H. T. Henry puts the matter plainly and recognises that in the training of boys' voices much can be learned from the practice of "protestant" churches. Again, H. B. Gibbs's plea for congregational singing enunciates principles which outside the Roman Church are fairly widely recognised. Such papers as "The Neumatic Notation," "A Grammar of Plain Song," are full of instruction on a subject which musicians in general, whether of the Church or not, ought to study far more seriously. The paper contains liturgical notes as well as many reviews and comments which should be very useful to Church musicians. In point of style, both literary and as a publication, this paper offers a worthy example to both ecclesiastical and musical journalism. It is well printed on good paper and attractively produced, and as it has a variety of contributors, both clerical and lay, its subject should receive discussion from all points of view in due course. It displays one unfortunate tendency, that of pouring blame on organists and singers for abuses in Church music, which have been caused by carelessness and ignorance in general, not only by that of organists and singers. The reform in Roman Catholic Church music should be carried out on a principle of sympathetic co-operation between priests and musicians, in which case we may hope for important results, beneficial alike to art and religion.

Incunabula typographica. Pars II. (Munich: Jacques Rosenthal, 6s.)—Herr Jacques Rosenthal, the well-known Munich bookseller, has just published the second part of his splendid catalogue: *Incunabula typographica*. It contains a full description of two thousand books printed before 1500 A.D. by five hundred different printers in one hundred different towns. As in the former Part the greatest minuteness has been employed in describing the single items and the very newest literature on the subject has been referred to. This, by the bye, is the first time that we have seen an attempt to make practical use of Herr Konrad Haebler's "Typen Repertorium." Two hundred and ninety facsimiles of prints and numerous indexes make the catalogue very useful for the student as well as for the collector.

Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management. (Ward, Lock, 7s. 6d. net.)—It is nearly fifty years since "Mrs. Beeton" first appeared; she has been a household word ever since. Every one knows Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's remark in "A duet—with an occasional chorus": "Mrs. Beeton must have been the finest housekeeper in the world. Therefore Mr. Beeton must have been the happiest and most comfortable man." Good! But there is no reason why we should not all be, henceforth, the happiest and most comfortable men, and our wives the best housekeepers in the world, when 7s. 6d. will buy us 2004½ pages packed with the soundest information, and fifty pages more of analytical index, by means of which you can turn up in half a second the latest and fullest instruction on the making of everything, from a Will to Celery Croquettes. Such a book as this is beyond praise. The new edition, as published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, has been brought right up to date; new features have been added, it is illustrated from start to finish, and the whole book is just four times as big as the first issue of the modest work of Isabella Beeton. Why is there no statue to the immortal Isabella? She deserves one better than many of the pompous nonentities who have them. And if Mrs. John Lane, in a recent amusing book, is able to heap scorn on English housekeeping, that is only because English housekeepers do not make sufficient use of the extraordinary stores of wisdom and practical advice which Messrs. Ward, Lock put within their reach.

Of all the dramatists of the seventeenth century, not one has received so little attention as Lodovick Carliell or Carliell. Till recently he was little more than a name, and biographical details were scanty. Now, thanks to an American scholar, Dr. Charles H. Gray, of Kansas University, he takes form and acquires a history. In *Lodovick Carliell, his life, a discussion of his plays and "The Deserving Favourite"* (University of Chicago Press), Dr. Gray proves that Carliell was born at Brydekirk, near Annan, in 1602, was the son of Robert Carliell, huntsman to King James I., was himself huntsman to the king and Groom of the Privy Chamber, became keeper of the deer park at Richmond (one of the walks in which was named after him), and lived in the lodge there; gave his fortune to Charles I. during the Civil War, but held his appointment under the Commonwealth, wrote one more play after the Restoration, died in 1672—probably in sore poverty—and is buried in Petersham. Dr. Gray has made a thorough study of Carliell's few plays, and in his close examination of the earliest, *The Deserving Favourite* (1629), proves it to have been inspired by Solorzano's

La duquesa de Mantua. The text of *The Deserving Favourite* is given, and we hope that Dr. Gray will carry out his intention of following up this important and scholarly book with editions of the rest of Carliell's plays. It is long since Dr. Ward expressed a wish that Carliell should be reprinted, and we welcome the undertaking in such good hands as those of Dr. Gray.

It is good to be genial and sweet-tempered; to have a pleasant, courageous, mellow view of life; to see clearly, but kindly; to cherish a real love of letters, and to love a good joke. It is better, perhaps, to be thus than to be a great literary critic. At any rate, when men with such temperaments write, they write books that are always welcome in hours of relaxation, such books as those *Interludes* of Mr. Horace Smith, of which we have the Fourth Series (Three Essays and some verses) before us (Macmillan, 5s.). The Essays are on "Our Likes and Dislikes" (of things and persons), "In Extenuation of Poetry," and on "Discontent." All three show wide reading, sound taste, a good memory, a strong sense of humour, and a tolerant wisdom which comes in part, perhaps, from looking all day on the "seamy side" of life in a London police-court, and finding it not all seams. The verses, too, are the verses of one who is a scholar and a humorist. The hymns have a dignified simplicity that makes them welcome, by contrast with much that is forced or affected in devotional literature. Indeed, if we wished to characterise Mr. Horace Smith's work by a single word, the most appropriate would be, we believe, that word "simplicity"; a simplicity of soul that shines honestly forth in a book which, *melange* as it is, is characteristic and charming from cover to cover.

Notes on the Life History of British Flowering Plants. By Lord Avebury, P.C., etc. (Macmillan, 15s. net.)—Lord Avebury points out that Bentham, Sowerby, Hooker, and his other predecessors confined themselves to technical details and such descriptions as enable the student to distinguish one plant from another. They treated flowers as if they were dead objects of science whose chief interest lay in their structural complexity. The special quality of Lord Avebury's book lies in the attention given to the economy and life history of plants; the usual descriptions, together with technical details irrelevant to this purpose, are absent. In an age when capable naturalists are ceasing to treat animals and birds as curious or merely decorative objects, it was only to be expected that a similar, though less generous, courtesy should be extended to flowers. Lord Avebury is not the man from whom we should look for anything revolutionary. But, as a reformer of the class of book to which Hooker belongs, he turns out to be excellent. We have looked with particular care at his accounts of climbing plants, and though they do not go beyond, nor even include, all that was formerly known of spirals, yet they are very significant. Thus, his five or six hundred words on the honeysuckle seem to lay down a challenge to all future readers of such books. What he has done for this and a number of other plants must in the end be done for every plant, and more also. He begins by giving the hour at which the first flowers expand and become strongly scented, and the exact attitude and expression of the flowers during their change from the virginal white and red, through a clear yellow, to a soiled orange, in the process of fertilisation. The insects most devoted to the flowers are mentioned here, as in the case of the common bryony, which is apparently honoured exclusively by the bee, *Andrena florea*. It is only just to point out, however, that, though the book is a challenge, it is also hardly more than an indication to the coming botanist, since many plants are still left quite unilluminated by any vital information.

The lighter side of a careful scientific expedition is told very vividly and well by Mr. C. William Beebe in *Two Bird-lovers in Mexico* (Constable, 10s. 6d. net). The backward development of the country, the unusual variety of soil and climate which is the result of the great differences in elevation; and, not least, the naturally enlightened attitude of the people towards bird life, all help to make the avi-fauna of the country one of great richness, and Mr. Beebe has described it in a simple, unforced and delightful narrative. The author and his wife spent four months of the Mexican winter mainly on a series of camping expeditions in varied surroundings, both on the central table-land and in the neighbourhood of the volcanoes of the Cordillera, as well as among the tropical vegetation of the Pacific coast-lands. In a final chapter, "How we did it," Mrs. Beebe describes the practical management of the trip. The spirit in which it was undertaken was that which commands enjoyment as well as success. "My theory is that all one has to do is to get on and ride," says Mrs. Beebe. "I had never ridden before, but I simply got on and rode off." But the whole tone of the book bears out the statement that the trip was "novel, delightful, and absolutely devoid of unpleasant features," while those who may feel the impulse to pitch a tent in the authors' track may be interested to see it described as, "on the whole, so responsive." It has to be remembered that the writers started from New York. The book is abundantly illustrated with good pictures of nature and Mexican life, and an appendix contains a list of the birds observed.

The Shilling Scientific Series (T. C. and E. C. Jack) is composed of popular works, and are written for a wide public. In *Sociology* the sections on Sex and Society are likely to ripple clerical circles, and not unlikely to increase the circulation of the book. The volume on *Psychology* deals ably with this wide subject in about a hundred pages. The works are not in any respect examination text-books, but simple presentations of scientific subjects for those who wish to have a wide general knowledge, accurate so far as it goes.

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